

mumbles #4



COMIX!

YEAH,
BUT IS IT
ART?

WHO
CARES?



WHAT
ARE
THEY
SAYING?

BEATS
ME!



EXPANDED FORMAT! NOW 44 PAGES!!!!
INSIDE: COMIX, ART, FICTION, INTER-
VIEWS, MUSIC NEWS, ARTICLES, ADDRESSES,
TORN DRESSES, RUINED LIVES, CONFESSIONS,
DEATH, DESPAIR, AND LOTS MORE FUN!!!!
RATED "PG-13" THAT'S RIGHT, CLEANED UP OUR ACT! \$2.50

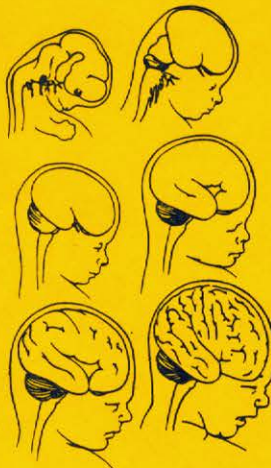
©1985
JOHN E

IT WENT UP!



MUMBLES #4. Lord love this land where jobless cranks like me can still afford to publish books like this that's found it's way into your livingroom once again! That is, assuming you still have a livingroom...no, I'm not sure if a cardboard house curbside even has one. In this age of austerity I'm pleased to report that this mag is alive and well and more popular than ever! In fact, EVERYBODY seems to want in on it...and damn near everyone IS in this issue...oh yes, the more the merrier...in fact, my apologies to anyone who's not represented for one reason or other. I'm beginning to understand the hassles a big time editor like Peter Bagge deals with at WEIRDO, though some body probably PAYS him for his labor of love..and HE doesn't have to foot all the bills...now,now Pete, you've paid your dues, and you deserve it, your a great artist, I love ya, now beat it... Okay, there have been some changes made to accommodate the 1985 MUMBLES budget. No groovy wrap around covers like I wanted...alright, I admit, this was to be the LAST anthology issue, still may be, but MUMBLES marches on! May come out as a mini or DZ size next time, may have only 4 or 8 pages next time, may return to a John E solo project, but I assure you all, MUMBLES WILL PERSEVERE so keep those cards and letters and MONEY coming.....until next time then, happy reading- JOHN E.

Intelligence is Pain by T.S. Child



Why are smart people always unhappy? Why do geniuses always end up committing suicide? And on the other hand, why are the most ignorant, thick-headed, pickup truck-driving, gun-smacking, beer-swilling scoundrels always strutting around and grinning happily as if they were on top of the world? The answer to all these questions is the obvious one, the one everyone has suspected for centuries: intelligence is pain. Smarts hurt. Of course, this theory has been around for years, but there has never been any actual, hard, scientific evidence to back it up. That is, until now. To the left are a series of drawings based on CAT-scans of the head of a developing fetus. Each drawing contains a cross-section of the fetus's brain. As you can see, the brain gets more wrinkled up as the fetus matures. It was proven long ago that intelligence is actually contained in the cerebral wrinkles. The more wrinkles you have, the smarter you are. The older a fetus gets, the more intelligent it becomes, and the more wrinkled its brain gets. But if you look at these drawings closely you will see that the fetus gets less and less happy the more wrinkly its brain becomes. In the first three drawings, when its brain is practically smooth, the fetus looks very contented. But as the wrinkles start to appear it becomes sadder and sadder, until the final drawing when it is actually crying out in pain. Conclusion: ignorance is bliss.



HOTTUBBING IN KANSAS



WHY I CAN'T READ IN JOHNS by Chas Dedmon

Being neither a wealthy man, nor a foolish one, I have no professional opinions to buttress the obvious, however, there really is a problem. Judgemental types may already be guessing what the problem is- that is one reason why such people are asses.

I've never cared for judgemental people, and so many such ramrods make it their point to block my path. Paths, for I am as a polyp dropped from a great height to a steel deck below. I am flung into so many directions, so quickly, with so little thought I go.

Lessons, lessons, I take so many, but always seem to have another to learn. Eternally a student, inventor, multi part-timer..god knows I do everything, mostly legal but not entirely.

Change is unceasing to me, I strive for peace of mind and find it nowhere else but in the john. I can relax there and sit, dreaming. What else besides dreams would one find in your garden-variety restroom? Why soft tissue paper, of course. And what brand would you choose for these private moments? Bounty, of course. Bounty is a tissue that feels so undulatingly supple that you'll close your eyes in glee and surprise the first time you use this "user friendly" tissue. You'll forget to read the walls, or any book you might have. Men and women, let me tell you- this is one soft item.

Yes people, it is true. This is not really the beginning of a short story, rather it is the end of an advertisement. It is our pleasure to do this. Buy Bounty tissue, so undulatingly supple that once you try it, you'll never fail to ask, with a entreating lilt to your voice:

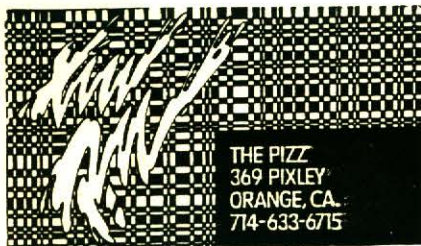
"May I have Bounty, the user friendly tissue?"

And of course, you may.

Dream on.....

MUMBLES #4, January 1985. Published by John Eberly for MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS, P.O.B. #7243, Wichita, KS 67218. Additional copies are \$3.00 each postpaid. ©1985, by John E, Steve Willis, Clay Geerdes, THE PIZZ, Bob "X", Joe Schwind, Dennis Worden, Jim Ryan, Lynn Hansen, Clark A. Dissmeyer, Bob Lewis, Tom Brinkmann, Mike Hill, Randy Paske, Bobby Pfeffer, Brad Foster, Michael Roden, Dale Luciano, Michael Dowers, Greg Blair, Scott Stevens, Peter Dako, Chuck Lipscomb, T.S. Child, Chas Dedmon, John Crawford, Ron Stallbaumer (photo credit, THE MUMBLES). AND: XNO.



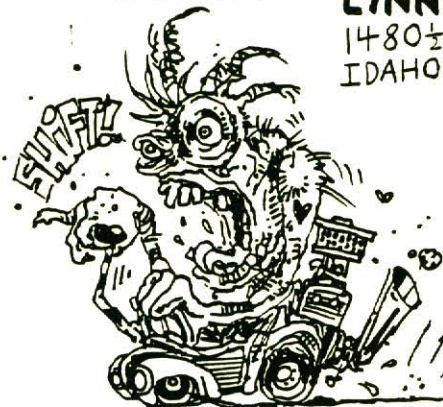


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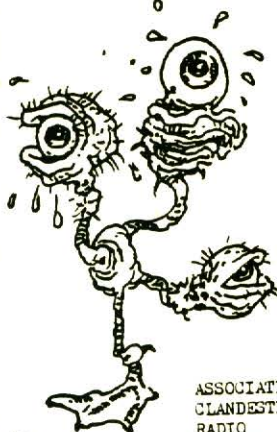
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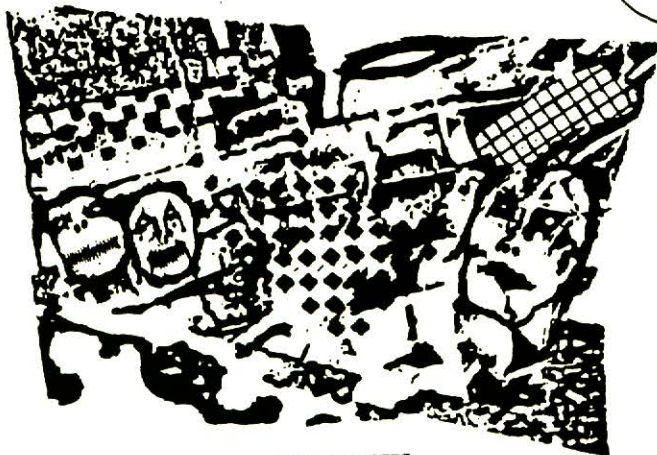
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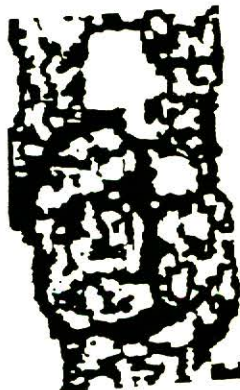
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- MISC! COMICS #4 by Fawcett, Patterson, Nichols, Curtis, Neo, more!
- MISC! COMICS #5 by Collier, Nichols, Curtis, Neo, Eddy, more!
- MISC! #6: giant Halloween issue, work by John

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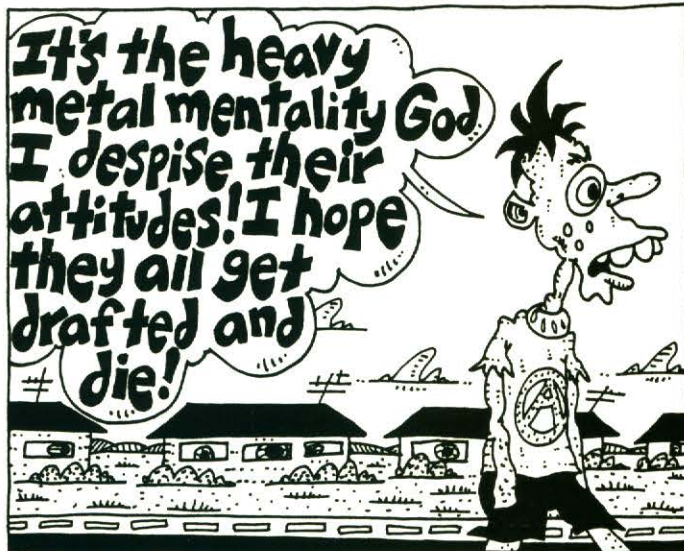
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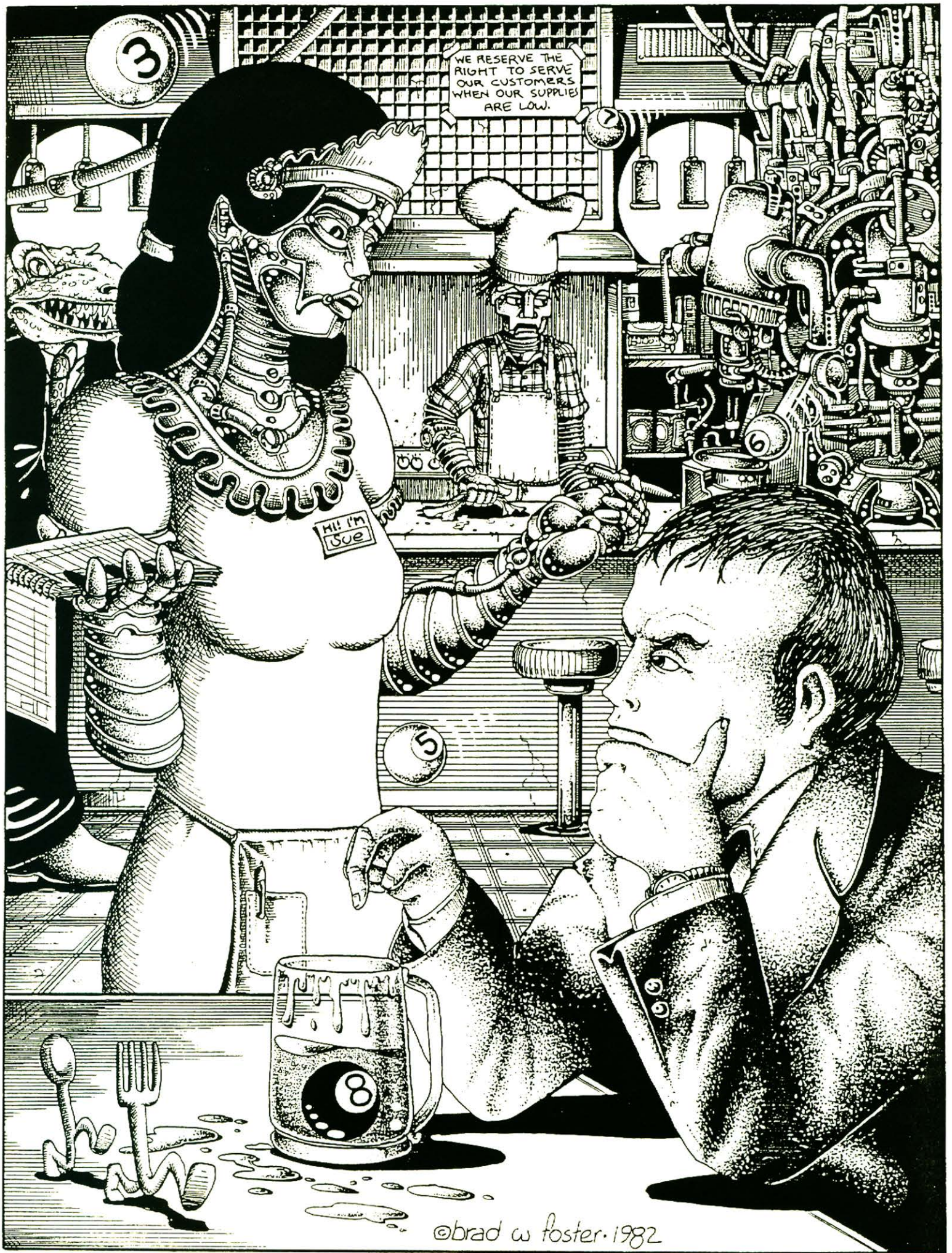


Watch
out
pigs
it's

Lil Rad!! ★ @ ♪

IN: The Lonely Struggle
of an
Anarchist PeeWee!

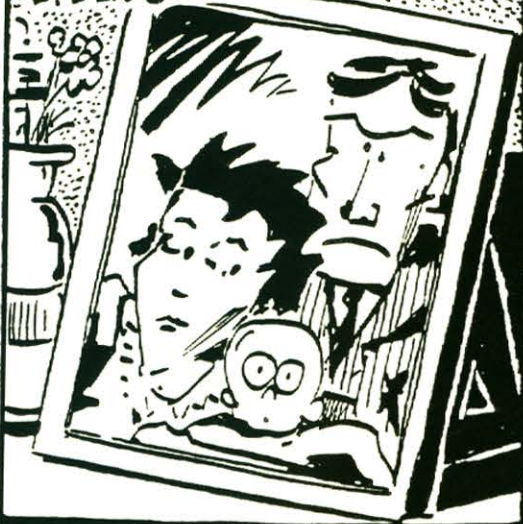




THE BABY
WITHOUT
EYELIDS:
A PARABLE

by
CAD

"OUR BABY WAS BORN WITHOUT
EYELIDS..."



"HE COULD NEVER SHUT HIS EYES AND
SLEEP, HIS CRYING KEPT US AWAKE
EVERY NIGHT..."



"THAT'S THE STORY..."

PLEASE, DR. BOWLSTÜCK, CAN'T
YOU HELP US?!

I TINK I HAFF
ZOLUTION...



NOW FISHES HAFF NO EYELIDS,
YET NO PROBLEM! I POSTULATE
YOUR ZON TO BE A FISH, ZO —



WHEN NIGHT HAD
DESCENDED ON
THE COUPLE'S
LAKE SIDE HOME...



"NOW YOU SEE? HE WAS
YUST PININ' FOR HIS
HOME IN DER BRINY
DEEP!"



-finis-

TALOR'S HOLIDAY



JUST FOR THAT
I WON'T !!!

©83 DERWON



YOU CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
AROUND HERE!
I'M TAKING
A HOLIDAY!

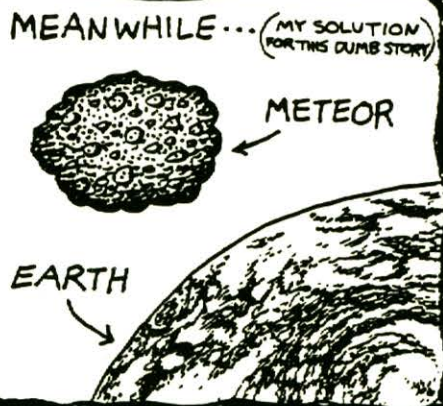
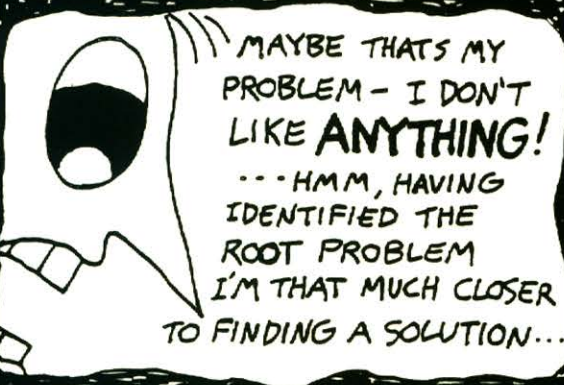
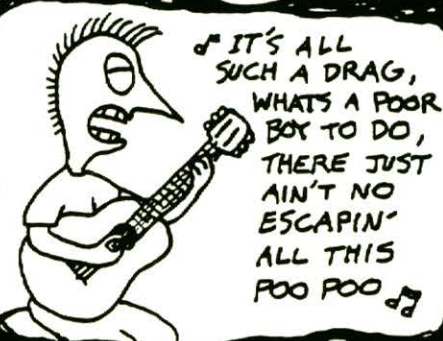
TURNING
FROM HIS
LIFE...
TURNING
FROM HIS
DEATH...
WHERE ELSE
IS THERE
TO TURN?



TURNING ON THE T.V.



♪ EVERYBODY IS TELLIN' ME
WHAT TO DO, BETTER GO
OUT TO THE FOREST AND
LIVE LIFE
LIKE I
WANT TO ♪



THE END

Electrocutica

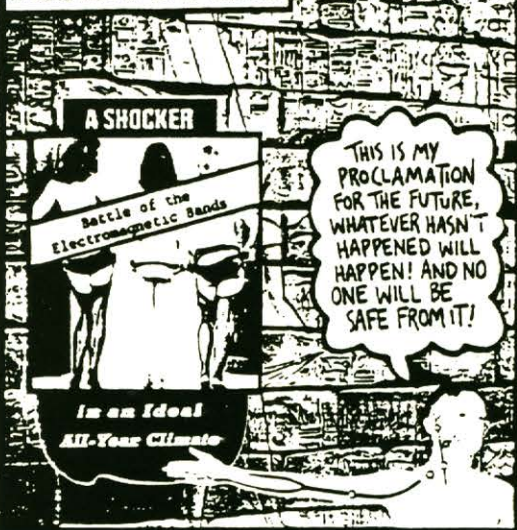
WE'LL BURY YOU!

Valentine Phlox carelessly applied a globule of Angst Salve to the radburns suffered at the Cranial Wind Party. Twilight was approaching, an evening of musique moderne beckoned. Valentine was an Electrocuticist, a devotee of magnetic bands. His attitude was ambivalent; his styling, heavily serene; his nostrils, flared and sniffing at the promise of the night.

Valentine boarded an Intrepid Cruelscooter that heaved through the bowels of New Berlin to Spitznipple Hall, locale of the monthly mechfest.



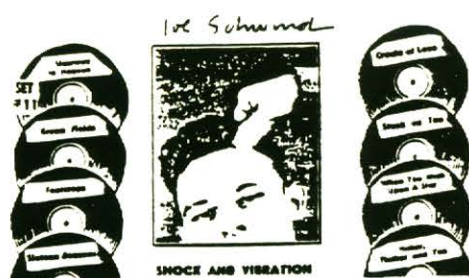
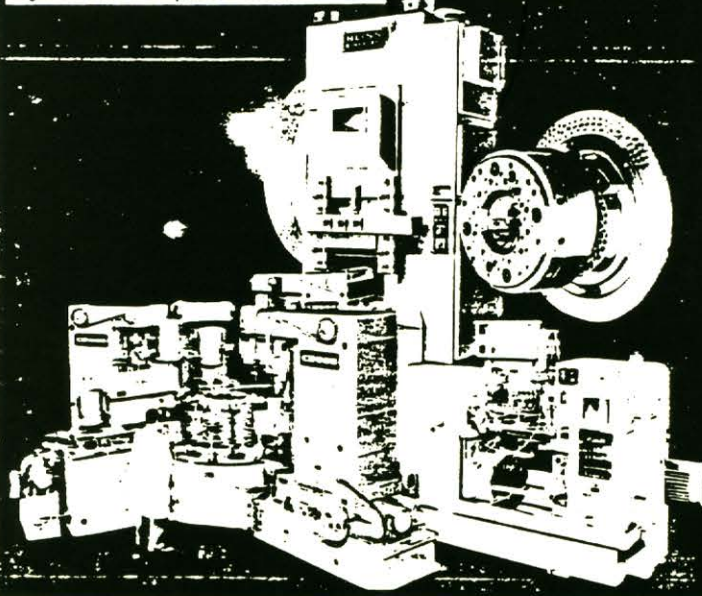
A word from J. B. S. Haldane:



Svelte Kachinka Smid delivered what had become the anthem of the emergant sub-strata. Her monotonous drone was augmented by ingenious Icelandic implants.



Ron Friction provided a medley of industrial noises on his whamitrix. His set climaxed with the billion-seller, Vagaries from a Hospital Cafeteria.



SMOKE AND VIBRATION

Nervous rhythms stirred the crowd from tonal inertia. Crania and genitalia were slick with Nibulux, a fashionable sensory enhancement cream. Lips and fingers tingled and sparked; mentation became a murmur. A series of simuthunderclaps opened the show.



Guy Kross showed unusual dexterity on the basic binabulator, whipping the crowd into an hysterical frenzy with an extended version of The Pilgrimage of the Virgin Sparks.



THE SICK MUSE

THE MUSIC CONNECTION

by **JOHNE**

AH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "WHAT'S THIS? NOW HE THINKS HE'S A MUSIC CRITIC?" NAW, SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, IT'S JUST THAT WHILE COMPILING THIS ISSUE OF **MUMBLES** I NOTICED SOMETHING SIMILAR CROPPING UP AMONGST SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTORS... A... UH, MUSICAL BENT, SO TO SPEAK... SINCE THE ART/MUSIC WORLDS HAVE TRADITIONALLY OVERLAPPED THIS MAY NOT SEEM SO SURPRISING TO A LOT OF **MUMBLES'** MORE WORLDLY READERS, HOWEVER, WHAT I FIND INTERESTING IS THAT SUCH A DIVERSE GROUP OF ARTISTS ALSO PRODUCE A WIDE AND VARIED RANGE OF MUSIC. EVERYTHING FROM "BLUEGRASS" TO "INDUSTRIAL" CAN BE FOUND HERE, WITH LOTS OF MUTANT ROCK AND ROLL IN BETWEEN.

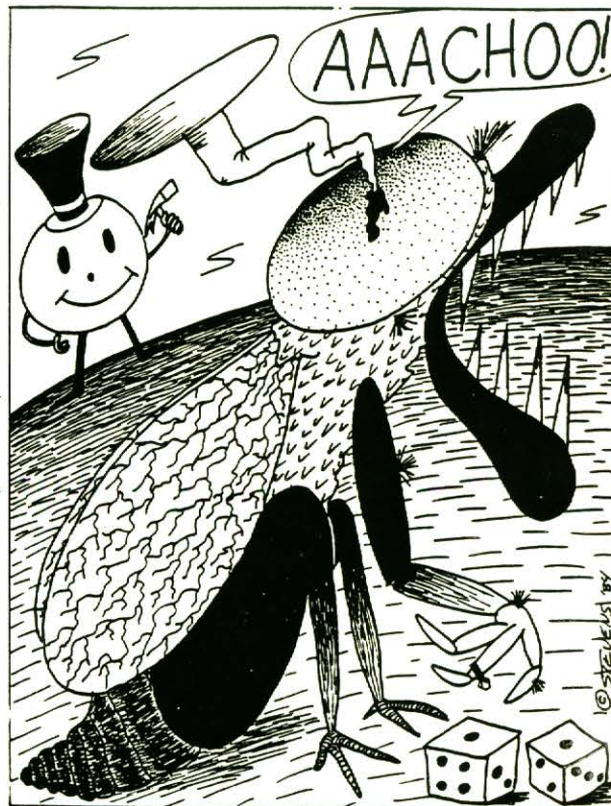
MICHAEL DOWERS HEADS UP THE **WILD ROSE STRING BAND** ON GUITAR. THIS QUINTET FROM SEATTLE HAS BEEN AROUND FOR QUITE AWHILE, AND ENJOY A POPULAR REPUTATION AS A DANCE BAND IN AND AROUND THEIR AREA.

PETER DAKO IS IN A BAND NAMED AFTER HIS EXCELLENT COMIX **CASUAL CASUAL** (OR IS IT VICE VERSA?). THOUGH I HAVEN'T HEARD IT, THEY HAVE A TAPE AVAILABLE AND ARE THE "HOUSE BAND" IN A BAR IN TORONTO.

SCOTT STEVENS INFORMS ME HIS NEW BAND THE **PEYOTE COWBOYS** ARE REHEARSING. JUDGING BY THE NAME - THO THAT AIN'T FAIR - I'D VENTURE TO GUESS THEY FALL INTO THE COUNTRYFIED PSYCHO

HARDCORE VEIN... TAPE FORTHCOMING. **MIKE RODEN** AND **BOB "X" BROTHER**, **JOHNNY PRIMITIVE** HAVE A TAPE OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC AVAILABLE FROM 3043 "A" CLEMENT ST., SAN FRANCISCO CA 94121. DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, BUT I THINK MIKE'S A **TANGERINE DREAM** FAN...

CLARK DISSMEYER AND **MARC MEYERS** HAVE A TAPE OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSICS AVAILABLE. CLARK'S A SERIOUS PIANIST AND MARC HELPS PUT OUT NO COM

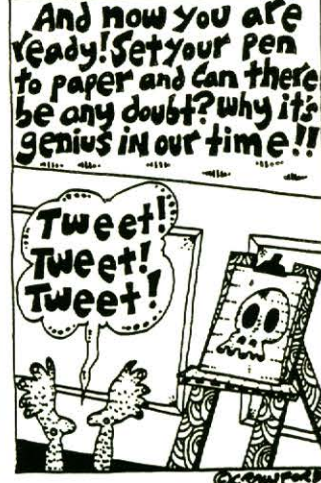


MERCIAL POTENTIAL, AN "ALTERNATIVE" MUSIC ZINE FROM P.O.B. 3531, OMAHA, NE 68103. **MIKE HONEYCUTT** HAS HIS OWN RADIO SHOW AND MAKES EXPERIMENTAL "INDUSTRIAL" TAPES. THE ONE I HAVE IS TITLED **MYSTERY HEARSAY** AND FEATURES SONIC BLASTS AND SUBTLE INTERLUDES. AN ENJOYABLE, THOUGHTFUL LISTENING EXPERIENCE, AT TIMES OF NIGHTMARISH PROPORTIONS.

THE MUMBLES HAVE REUNITED AFTER A FIFTEEN YEAR HIATUS WITH YOURS TRULY ON "VOCALS", **KEN** ON GUITAR, **DALE** ON BASS, AND **RON** ON DRUMS. LEANING TOWARD ROCK AND ROLL OF THE "PRIMAL SCREAM" VARIETY, FAST AND LOUD RULES THOUGH WE DO A MEAN RENDITION OF **POLK SALAD ANNIE** FOR ALL YOU PURISTS. A 60 MINUTE TAPE: **LIVE IN THE SHED** IS AVAILABLE FROM THE **MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS** ADDRESS: P.O.B. 7243, WICHITA, KS 67218. WHERE I DIDN'T LIST AN ADDRESS ABOVE, CHECK THE ADDS AND ADDRESSES PAGES IN THE BACK OF THIS BOOK. FIGURE ON SENDING \$5.00 OR \$6.00 PER WHEN ORDERING ANY OF THE TAPES MENTIONED HERE.

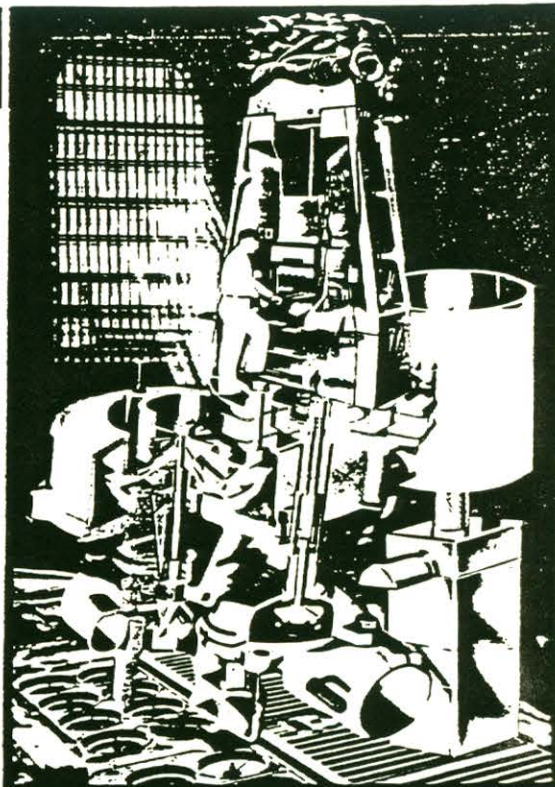


THE MUMBLES



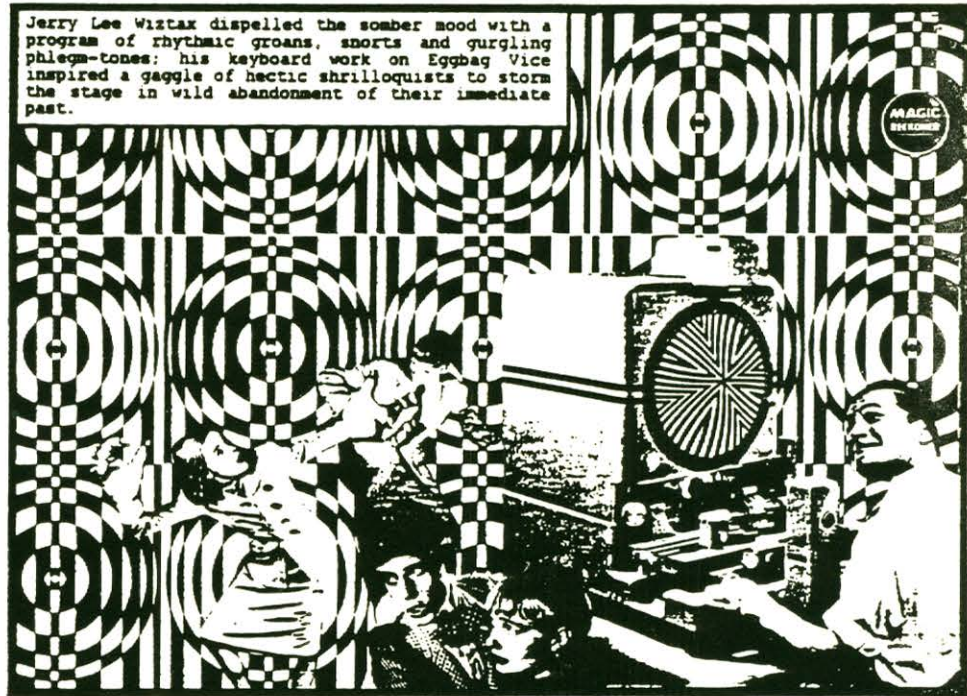
Rexroy the Accordion and the Sweet Little Satin Bottoms performed a series of substandards. Several members of the audience rose to their feet to polksnuffle. The Moxigas machine belched into action.

The Gregorian Power Plant was played to perfection by the "Mad Monk of Constantinople," Brother Max Swoosh. The throng was overcome with hysterical reverence.



Load squabbles and chance meetings broke out as the Moxigas took hold. Dutch Reuther toiled on the Adrenal Climaxer for 55 minutes, playing his "Statistical Variance: 2 Kinds of People."

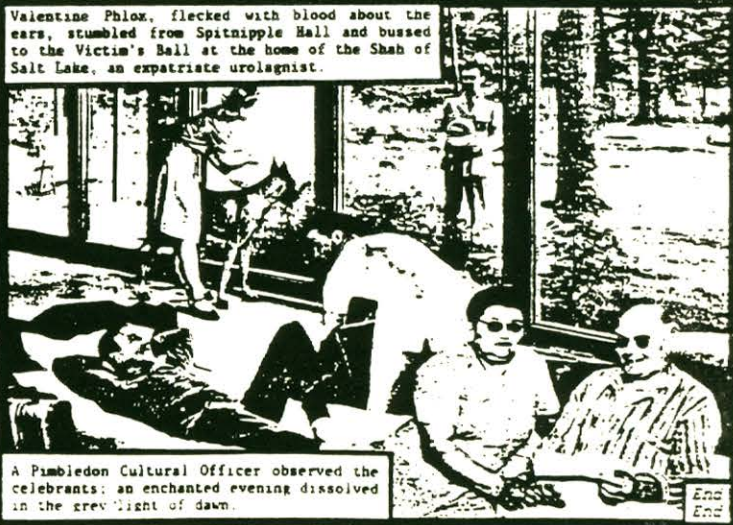
Jerry Lee Wixtax dispelled the somber mood with a program of rhythmic groans, snorts and gurgling phlegm-tones; his keyboard work on Eggbag Vice inspired a gaggle of hectic shrilloquists to storm the stage in wild abandonment of their immediate past.



Professor Lewis Smart closed the show on the classic Magic Twanger. His plucking was splendid; the convulsive crowd was exhausted.



Valentine Phlox, flecked with blood about the ears, stumbled from Spinnipple Hall and bussed to the Victim's Ball at the home of the Shah of Salt Lake, an expatriate urologist.



A Pambledon Cultural Officer observed the celebrants: an enchanted evening dissolved in the grey light of dawn.

End

Private life LADY DAY



FRANK SINATRA
CALLED HER "UNQUESTION-
ABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT
INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN
POPULAR SINGING..."



© DAKO '83

SINGER Billie Holiday
was born "ELEANORA"
in BALTIMORE in 1915...
SHE TOOK THE NAME OF
HER FAVOURITE 20's MOVIE STAR
"MISS BILLIE DOVE."

TENOR
SAX GREAT
LESTER YOUNG
GAVE HER THE TITLE
"LADY DAY" BECAUSE
SHE WAS TOO MUCH OF
A LADY TO SHOW HER
BODY FOR TIPS
LIKE OTHER
SINGERS





BILLIE'S LIFE WAS NOTORIOUSLY TRAGIC. BRUISES FROM HER ENDLESS FIGHT WITH BROKEN LOVE AFFAIRS, DISCRIMINATION, TOTAL POVERTY AND DRUG ADDICTION ECHO THROUGH HER MUSIC.



AFTER HER BELOVED MOTHER DIED, THERE WERE FEW OTHER JOYS LEFT FOR 'LADY DAY' BESIDES HER TINY PET DOG "PEPI" AND HER LOVE OF COMIC BOOKS.



PUBLICIST PROMOTER ERNIE ANDERSON, SAID OF BILLIE:

"PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT I HAD A GREAT "IN" WITH BILLIE ... WE GOT ALONG FINE BUT THE REAL SECRET WAS THAT I ALWAYS HAD TO TAKE HER A WELL-WRAPPED BUNDLE OF COMICS. SHE LOVED READING THEM IN FACT THAT'S ALL SHE EVER READ... BECAUSE OF THE SOPHISTICATED IMAGE IT WOULD BE OUT OF THE QUESTION THAT SHE SHOULD BE SEEN BUYING THEM..."

"M'RONALD'S IS YOUR KIND OF WASTE" ©84 M.HILL

CIVIL WAR IN EL
BAPTISMO, AND
GUESS WHO LOSES?



BUT WHAT'S THIS?



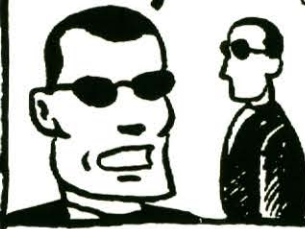
IT'S DARNOLD
M'RONALD! YAY!



HEY, KIDS!
START YOUR
COLLECTION OF
M'RONALD'S
"FAMOUS REVOLU-
TIONARIES"
TUMBLERS.!!!!!!
TODAY!!!!!



WELL, DARNOLD, NOW
WE CAN RELAX!
THANK TO YOUR
INTERVENTION, THE
REBEL LEADERS
ARE NOW "INACTIVE"
AND THE PEASANTS
CAN GO BACK TO
THEIR JOBS ON THE
BANANA PLANTATION!



YES, IT'S BUS-
INESS AS USUAL
AT M'RONALD'S!
HEY, FEDERALES!
NOW YOU CAN
GET MY FAMOUS
"GUN MEAL" AT
HALF-PRICE OUT-
SIDE THE U.S.!

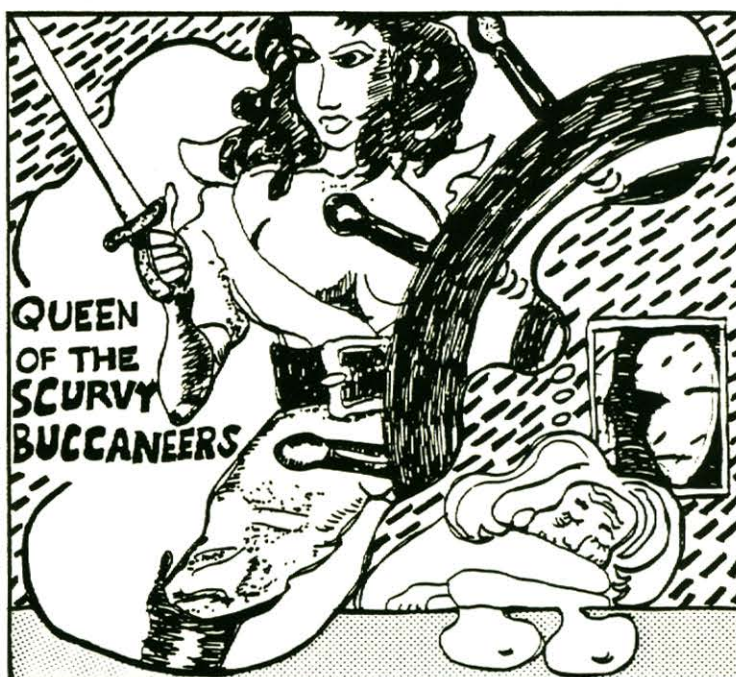
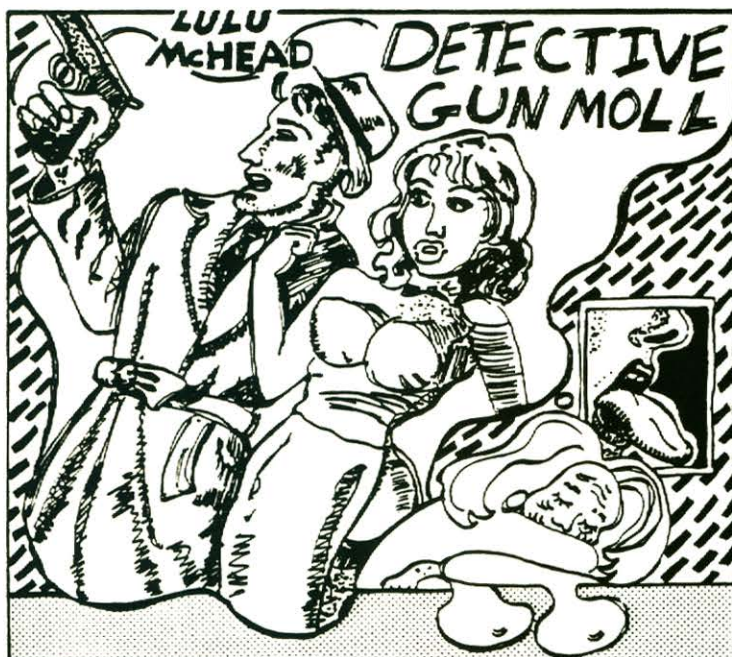
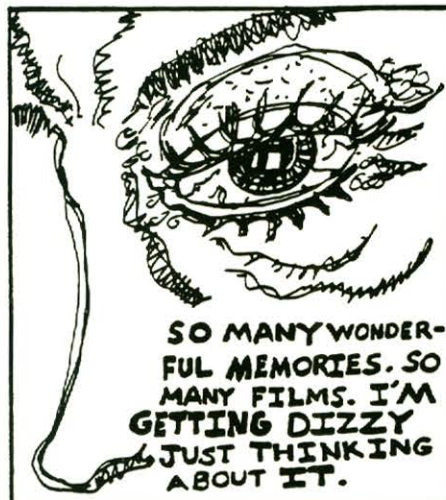


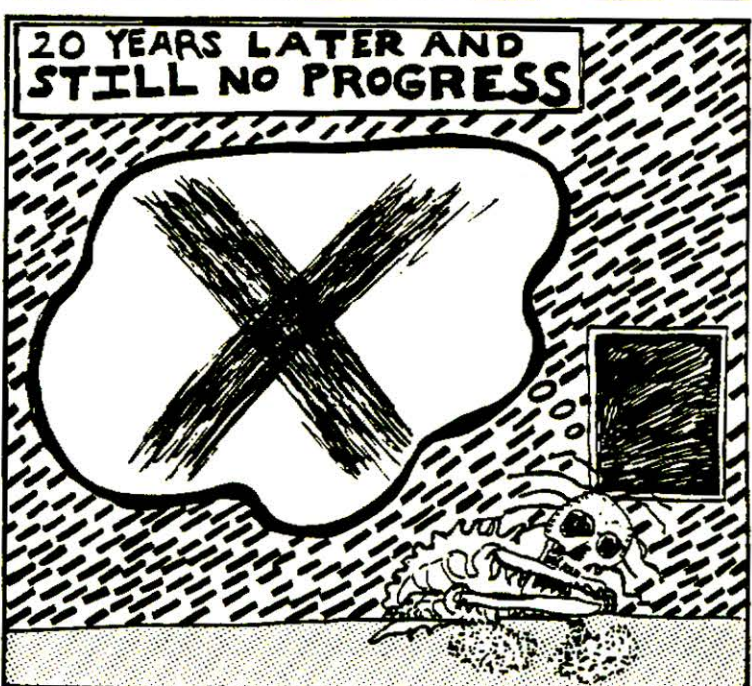
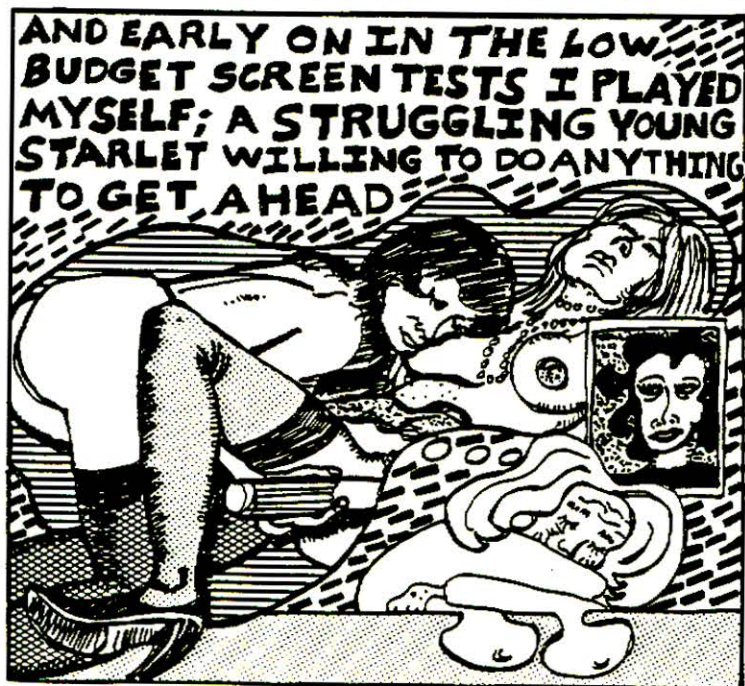
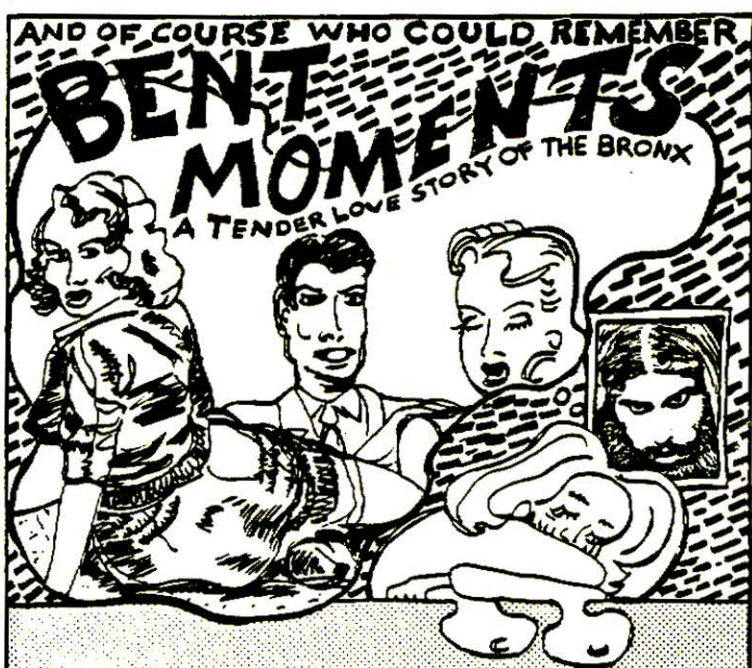
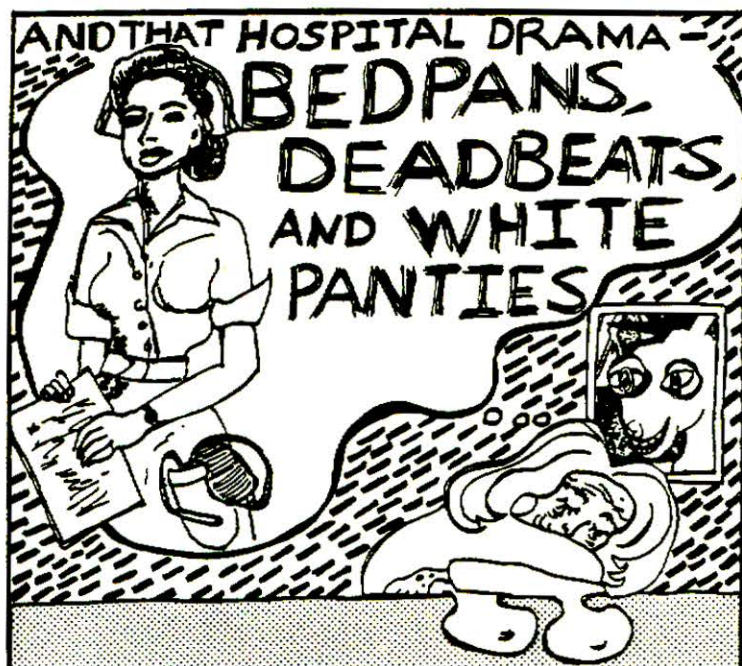
"WHERE'S
THE
END?"

JERRI ACTRICE

©1984 - BOB LEWIS

AS WE PICK UP THE ACTION
WE FIND THE FAT AGING
STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN
FINALLY SITTING DOWN
TO WRITE HER MEMOIRS...



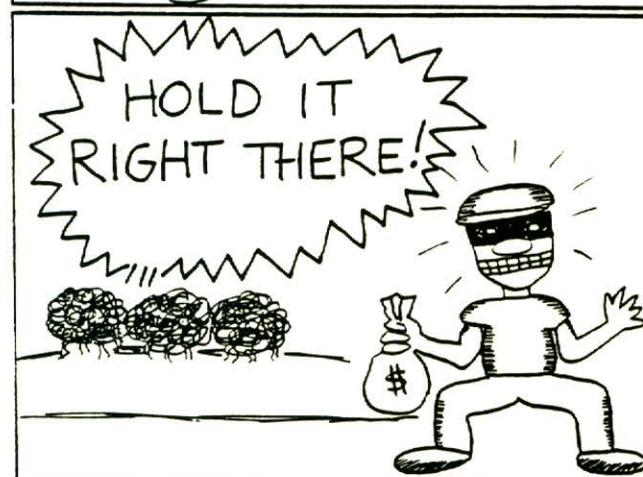
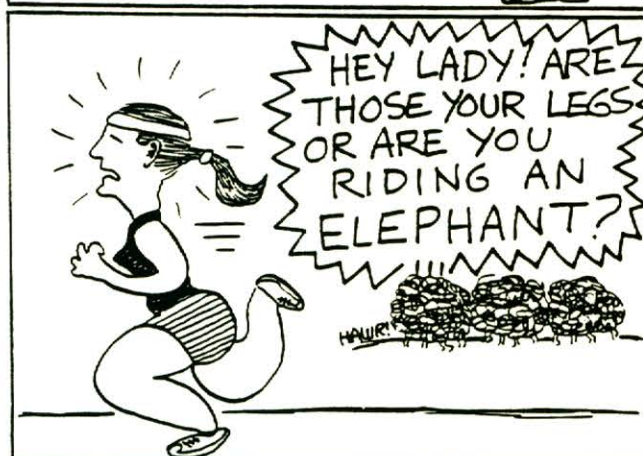
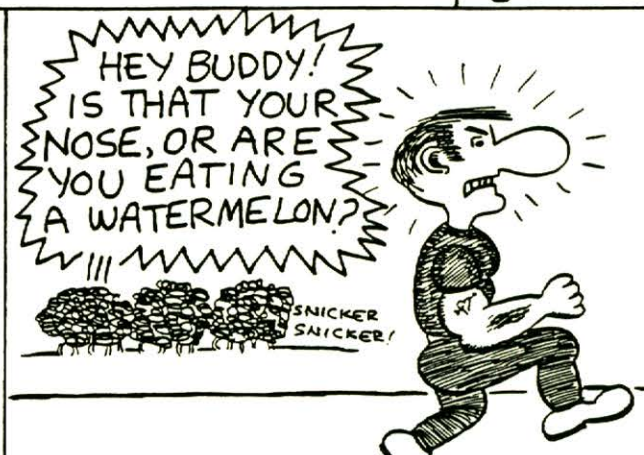




DL '84

MR. MEGAPHONE in: "the birthday present"

by JOHN E





TODAY'S FANCY FASHION MINDED FAD
FREAK WILL ENJOY THE NEW LINE OF
FAMOUS FISH FASHIONS FROM FRANCE.



SHOES...



EARRINGS, BRACELETS,
AND CIGARETTES...

MADE FROM 100% ORGANIC FISH FINS...
YOU'LL BE A HIT ON THE DANCE FLOOR...



AND DON'T
FORGET THE
DELUXE HEADWEAR



SNEAK PREVIEW
OF NEXT YEARS
FASHIONS.



JOURNEY OF A PICT

BY
LYNN
HANSEN

I. THE LIGHT BEGAN TO DISCLOSE THE DARK OF A COLD NIGHT. THROUGH THE MIST SHONE TWO EYES, YELLOW, BUT COLD. THEY SHONE WITH LITTLE CARE OF WHAT THEY SAW.

II. IT WAS TEN IN THE MORNING. THE SUN'S WARM RAYS REFLECTED BROWN AND GOLD LIGHT OFF THE EVER MOVING GRASSES, DRIED BY THE HEAT AND WIND OF SUMMER. TRAVELING THROUGH THIS EVER CHANGING PATTERN OF MATTED GRASS WAS A DARK BLACK SNAKE, WITH YELLOW STRIPES DOWN IT'S BACK. IT STRETCHED FOR MILES WITH NO CHANGE, NEVER MOVING FORWARD. OCCASIONALLY A SMALL BUG RAN ALONG IT'S BACK, BEING CAREFUL NOT TO RUN ACROSS THE YELLOW STRIPES AS IF POISONED TO THE TOUCH. THE BREEZE CONTINUED TO BLOW A COOLING TEMPERATURE THROUGH THE LAND, WHILE THE SNAKE LAY IN THE GRASS COLLECTING THE HEAT OF THE SUN FOR THE LONG NIGHT AHEAD. A SMALL SILVER BUG OF THE HARD-SHELLED VARIETY WAS TRAVELING AT A FAST PACE ALONG THE RIGHT SIDE, WHERE MANY BUGS LEFT THEIR PHEROMONES. MOVING FAST TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE AND THE CULMINATION OF A TRIP.

III. HE LOOKED DOWN THE HILL TO THE ROAD BELOW, WAITING FOR ONE CAR TO PASS. NOT JUST ANY CAR, BUT THE CAR THAT HAD KILLED HER. A SMALL SPORTS CAR WITH LICENSE PLATE: MGM 663.

IV. THE HEAT WAS ALMOST UNBEARABLE. BRIAN ROLLED DOWN HIS WINDOW TO LET THE AIR HE WAS PASSING BY AT 70 MPH COOL HIM OFF.

V. HE STOOD DEFIANTLY AGAINST THE BREEZE AS IF HE WERE A GOD ON THE HILL, STRETCHING HIS LIMBS AGAINST THE WIND, LETTING HIS HAIR FLY IN THE WIND GONE BY, WATCHING, ALWAYS WATCHING, AND WAITING FOR HIS TIME AND GOAL TO COME.

VI. BRIAN PULLED TOGETHER HIS LUNCH, SOME FROM THE TRUNK, SOME FROM THE ICE CHEST, PLACED A JACKET IN THE SHADE OF A LARGE WEATHERED OAK, AND ATE. BRIAN'S THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MANY DARK DEEP MEMORIES OF TIMES BEFORE THE TRIP, AND AS BRIAN FELL INTO EXHAUSTION HIS MIND TRAVELED OUT TO FURTHER REACHES OF WINE, WOMEN, AND SLEEP.

VII. HOPING HE HAD NOT MISSED HIS SELF APPOINTED MISSION, HE RETURNED TO HIS PLACE ON TOP OF THE HILL WITHOUT TRAMPING THE GRASS BELOW.

VIII. THE CAR STARTED HARD, BUT TRAVELING ONCE AGAIN, BRIAN WAS HAPPY. BRIAN'S TRIP WOULD SOON BE OVER.

IXa. THERE IT WAS, A SILVER CAPRI, LICENSE MGM 663. THIS WAS IT, THE GOAL WAS IN SIGHT. HE STOOD IN ANTICIPATION LOOKING ON TO BE SURE.

BRIAN FELT HIMSELF BECOMING DROWSY. BRIAN TURNED ON THE RADIO TO HELP KEEP HIS EYES OPEN. THE SUN WAS STARTING ON ITS DOWNWARD FALL BEHIND THE HILLS ON THE LEFT, AND THERE IN THE WINDSHIELD WAS A HAND, FLAT, PRESSED FIRMLY TO THE WINDOW. ABOVE THAT WAS AN ARM LEADING OVER THE ROOF OF THE CAR. THE HAND WAS ON THE WINDSHIELD FOR A LONG FOGGY MOMENT BEFORE BRIAN'S MIND DECLOUDED AND REALIZED WHAT WAS THERE. THE NEEDLE DROPPED FROM 70 TO 0 IN TEN, AND STAYED LIKE A ROCK ON THE METAL BLOCK. BRIAN OPENED THE DOOR AND SPRANG FROM WITHIN TO THE OUTER WORLD OF A HOT EVENING. BRIAN STUMBLED FORWARD TO LOOK AT THE WINDSHIELD FINDING NOTHING.

IXb. HE LAUGHED TO HIMSELF WITH HEARTFELT ANTICIPATION OF WHAT WAS TO COME.

IXc. BRIAN STOOD AND STARED AT THE BUG-COVERED WINDSHIELD, WONDERING IF HE WAS HALLUCINATING. AFTER TWENTY HOURS OF DRIVING, IT WAS POSSIBLE HIS MIND WAS GOING OVER THE EDGE. AFTER SOME HESITATION, BRIAN PLACED HIMSELF BACK IN THE CAR, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF A LARGE BIRD IN THE DISTANCE, THEN DROVE FORWARD TO THE CULMINATION OF HIS TRIP.

IXd. HE SAT AND PARTOOK OF THE EARTH, AND HER RUNNING STREAM GAVE HIS THIRST BACK TO THE WIND. THE ANTS CARRIED THE DEAD REMAINS OF A MOUSE THAT A HAWK HAD CLAIMED, BUT LOST UP ABOVE IN THE BLUE CONTINUUM. NATURE CONTINUED HER INTRICATE LIFE STYLE AS IF IT WERE ANY OTHER DAY.

IXe. BRIAN DECIDED AFTER THE STRANGE INCIDENT THAT A STOP IN THE NEXT TOWN WAS IN ORDER. THE NIGHT CAME AND WENT WITHOUT FANFARE OR NOTICE. SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE BRIAN'S TRIP CONTINUED. ALONG THE CAR SPED, LOOKING ON NOTHING BUT BROWN AND GOLDEN FIELDS WITH LIGHT BLACK EXPANSE OF ROAD.

X. HE STOOD MILES FROM HIS FIRST SURVEILLANCE SPOT, ONCE AGAIN WATCHING, LOOKING FOR HIS PREY, WAITING.

THE LITTLE SILVER CAPRI SPED ALONG, MOVING EVER CLOSER TO ITS DESTINY.

HE WATCHED AS THE SILVER CAR MOVED ALONG THE STRAIGHT EXpanse OF HIGHWAY, THEN ACTS. BRIAN WAS HUMMING AS IT HIT. A LOUD NOISE SHIVERED THROUGH THE CAR. BRIAN LOOKED AT HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR; SEEING NOTHING, HE TOOK A GLANCE TO THE RIGHT, THEN THE LEFT-----NOTHING. IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH A STONE HAD DROPPED TO THE ROOF OF THE CAR, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING NOW. "BAM BAM!" THIS TIME TWO, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING IN SIGHT AND THE SOUND CAME FROM THE TOP OF THE CAR, NOT FROM THE ENGINE.

"BAM BAM! BAM!", ECHOED FROM ABOVE AND THROUGH THE CAR. A MOMENT'S SILENCE AS THE NEEDLE DROPPED FROM 70 TO 60. "BAM BAM!", 40 TO 10, THEN STOP. IT WAS LIKE DEJA VU BRIAN THOUGHT, AS HE LEFT FROM THE CAR. NOTHING--NOTHING IN SIGHT, NOT A THING, NOT EVEN ON THE ROOF. BRIAN STOOD LOOKING IN A 360° ARC, SEARCHING CAREFULLY FOR A CLUE, A SIGN, ANYTHING. NOTHING, NOT A THING. BRIAN REENTERED THE CAR, SAT AND TRIED TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER. AFTER A SHORT TIME THE SILVER CAR STARTED TO MOVE ALONG THE HIGHWAY, MOVED SLOWLY, BUT PICKED UP SPEED, TRAVELING ALONG MILE AFTER MILE. BRIAN LOOKED DOWN AT THE NEEDLE. IT WAS ON SIXTY-FIVE, AND HIS THOUGHTS WERE ONCE AGAIN ON SOME Distant TIME IN THE FUTURE. BRIAN CONTINUED ON THE JOURNEY, MOVING EVER FORWARD WITH EVERY MINUTE THAT PASSED.

THE SILENCE WAS AGAIN BROKEN BY A LOUD POUND FROM THE ROOF. THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER IN RAPID SUCCESSION, GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER WITH EVERY CRASHING, HAMMERING BEAT.

THE OCEAN WAS VISIBLE FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL AS THE SILVER CAPRI CONTINUED TO TRAVEL ALONG THE HIGHWAY, THE POUNDING STILL COMING FROM THE ROOF. BRIAN HAD FAINTED IN FEAR BUT THE CAR MOVED ALONG THE STRAIGHT HIGHWAY AT A STEADY SPEED.

XI. AS WITH TIME THE ROAD MUST EVENTUALLY CURVE. AS IT CURVES FOLLOWING THE COAST, THE SMALL SILVER CAR THAT IS TRAVELING STRAIGHT REFUSING TO CURVE WITH THE ROAD, RUNS OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE SEA. ATOP THE CLIFF THE CAR REFUSED TO WIND AROUND STANDS A MAN, HIS BLOND HAIR BLOWING IN THE WIND. THE OCCASIONAL RIPPLE OF THE MUSCLES AROUND HIS WHITE WINGS AND THE SMILE OF SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE WERE VISIBLE AS THE WAVES BEGAN TO WEAR AWAY THE PAINT FROM A MAN-MADE DEVICE.



And now a few minutes with **The** Siv, Jezz & Q.T.

PeaceKeepers

by Chuck Lipscomb
84

Hey Jezz, Q.T.! It says here in order to preserve peace in the world, we must support a freeze on nuclear weapons!

Did I hear him right?

Freezing weapons?



That is really stupid! If you freeze a missile, what good is it if you have to wait for it to thaw out before you can use it?!

And the ice could rust out the silos!

True enough. Maybe they just wanna take all the missiles up to the North Pole and let 'em freeze up there!

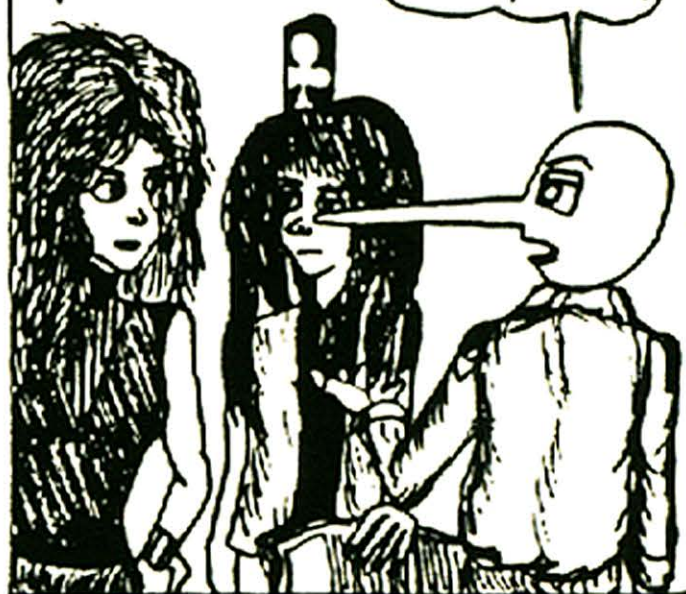
That might be good. If we preserve the ones we got, we won't have to build any more, 'cause they won't Spoil!

Hmmm...

NUCLEAR FREEZE
SUPPORT LTD

I can see how that preserves the missiles, but how will that preserve peace in the world?

Well, we'll get the Soviets to ship their missiles along with ours. That won't be hard, 'cause they're used to cold places!



Yeah, but what about conventional weapons? This articles don't say anything about freezin' them.

Ah-Hah!

Huh?



We've been fightin' with conventional weapons for centuries! If we freeze all the nuclear stuff, that ain't gonna stop all the guns 'n' tanks in the world. And there's no way we can get all them up to the North Pole! Just too many of 'em in the world!

Gee, I never thought of that.



Me, neither!

I think I'll quit readin' this stuff. These guys don't know what they're talkin' about!



Chuck Lipson

END

SOMETHING FOR THE KIDS

Julien
HOGÉ

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived three bears. DELBERT BEAR, HIS WIFE NANCY, and their YOUNG SON BUD SHARED A SEVEN ROOM HOME IN THE SUBURBS OF FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.



ONE NIGHT they were watching HOLLYWOOD SQUARES ON THEIR COLOR TV.

THE COLOR'S NOT RIGHT - IT'S TOO GREEN!

NO - IT'S TOO BLUE!

NO - IT'S TOO RED AND I WANT TO WATCH THE NEWS ANYWAY.



THEY WENT TO THE HOUSE OF PANCAKES EVERY SUNDAY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING WRONG.

MY COFFEE'S TOO BLACK!

MY BACON'S TOO CRISP!

MY TOAST IS TOO BUTTERY, AND I WANNA MUFFIN ANYWAY!



THERE EVEN WERE COMPLAINTS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING at the BEAR HOUSE...

THIS PIPE IS TOO UGLY!

THIS PERFUME IS TOO STINKY!

THIS BIKE IS TOO STUPID LOOKING, AND I WANTED A PONY ANYWAY!



AND THEN ONE NIGHT THE BEAR FAMILY CAR RAN OFF THE HIGHWAY AND CRASHED DOWN AN ENBANKMENT. ALL THREE BEARS WERE KILLED. THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE SAID: BEAR FAMILY WIPED OUT - TOO BAD!

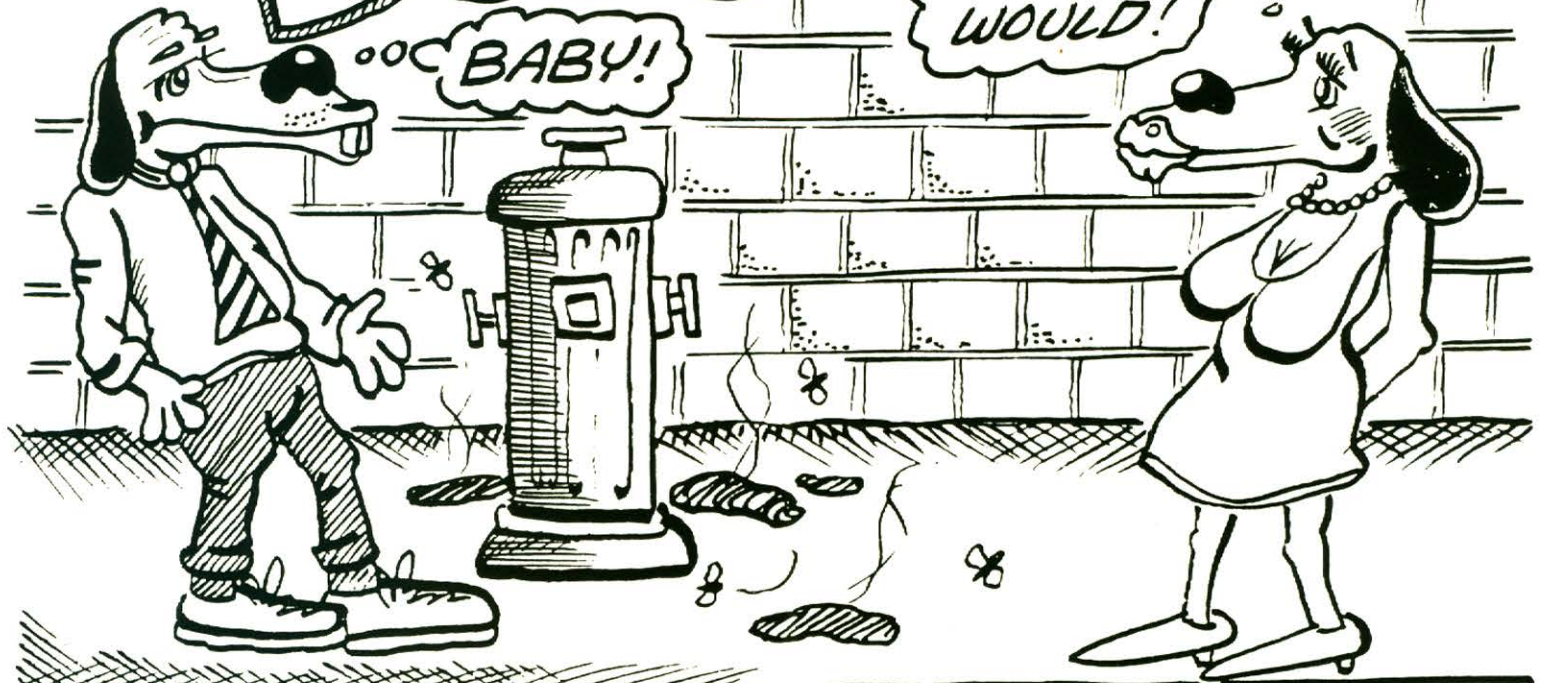


JOE SCHWIND

FOR
MUMBLES...

BY Kevin Collier

DOG'S DAY



THEY KISS, AFTER YEARS
OF NOT SEEING EACH
OTHER...



... BOTH MARRIED OTHER
DOGS BY MISTAKE, AND
REGRET IT. BUT NOW
THE AFFAIR BEGINS...
AT LAST.

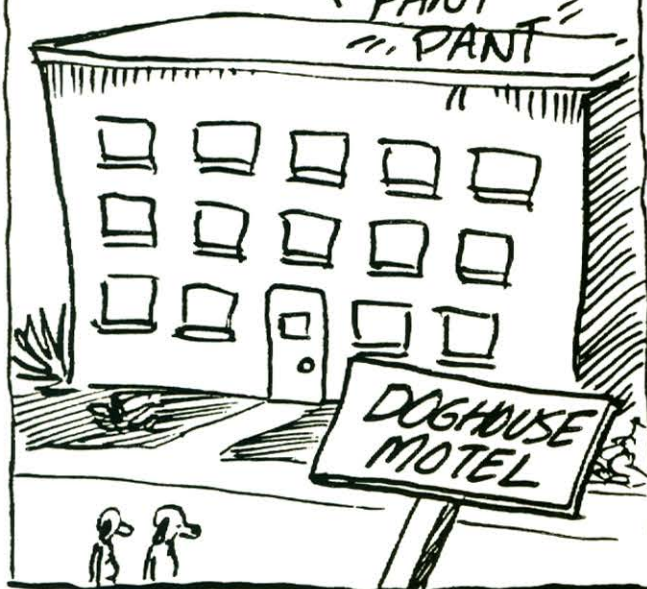
DAISY GOES INTO HEAT....

DAISY!
BE QUIET!
OTHER
DOGS ARE
LOOKING!



THEY RENT A ROOM
AND GO AT IT...

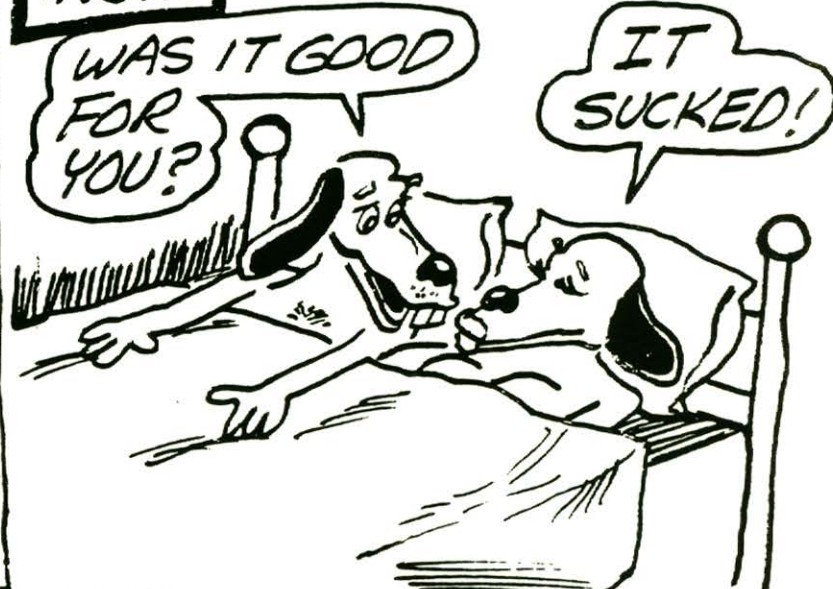
"PANT"
"PANT"



AFTER WAITING ALL THESE
YEARS, WONDERING, YEARN-
ING...

WAS IT GOOD
FOR
YOU?

IT
SUCKED!



I GIVE UP MY WIFE,
MY FAMILY, AND
THAT'S ALL
I GET
OUT OF
YOU?

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

I'LL TEACH YOU,
BITCH!



OUT TO
THE STREET
YOU STUPID
SLUT!

AGHH

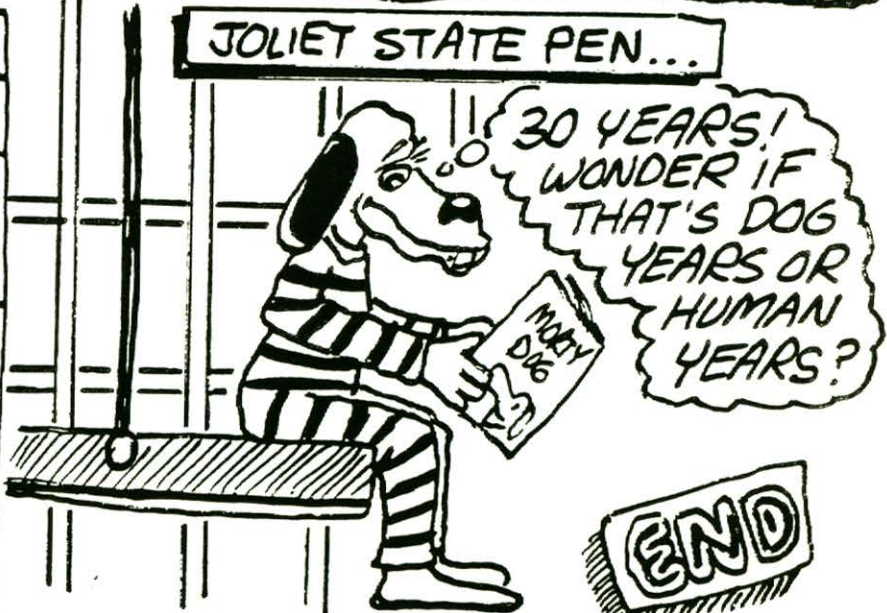
DIE
BITCH!

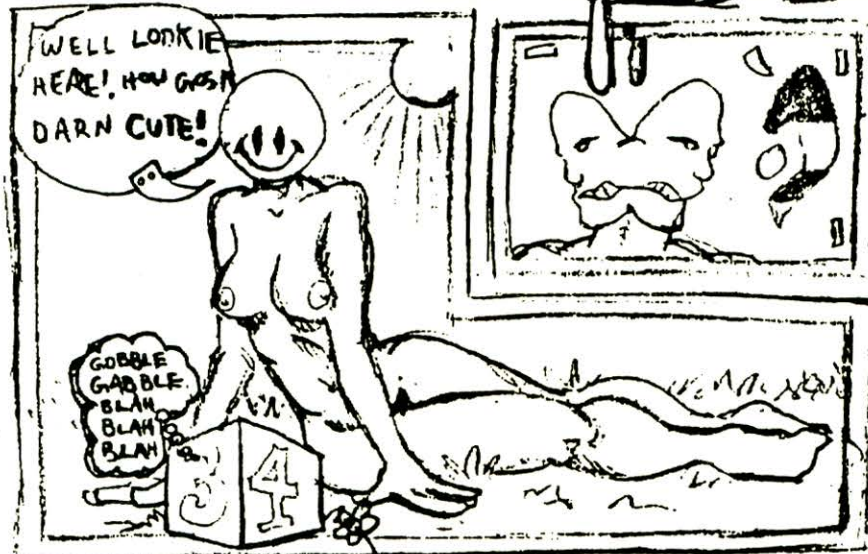
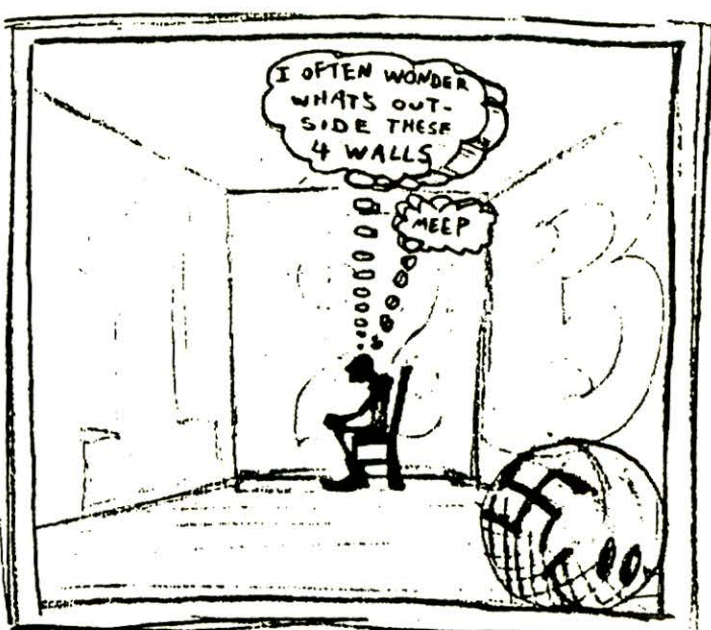
JOLIET STATE PEN...

30 YEARS!
WONDER IF
THAT'S DOG
YEARS OR
HUMAN
YEARS?

MOODY
DOG

END





SCHOOL NURSE ^{by John E}

ALRIGHT
KIDS!
LINE UP FOR
YOUR SHOTS!

ONE FOR
YOU...



ONE FOR ME!



ONE
FOR
YOU...



ONE
FOR
ME!









WELL, I DO HAVE THIS BAD CUT
ON MY FINGER, AND-
WHAT?



LOOK, YOU COWARD! ONE MUST BE
DEAD, LIKE UNTO A MACKEREL, TO
CROSS THE RIVER STYX!



WE HAVE THE RUN-OVER, THE BULLET-
RIDDLED, THE BEHEADED...



BUT LITTLE FINGER-CUTS
COUNT NOT! BEGONE, WIMP!



THUS WE LEAVE CHARON TO
MUMBLE IN HIS BEARD...



...AS THE STEADY STREAM OF THE
DEAD CONTINUES TO THE RIVER'S
BANKS...

I WAS GORED
BY A MAD
BULL...
AND
YOU.?

I WAS POKED BY
A PENCIL AND THINK
I GOT BLOOD POISON-
ING...



END.



JIM RYAN

JOHN E INTERVIEWS
THE CONTROVERSIAL
ARTIST-CARTOONIST
FOR OUR MUMBLES
READERS...

Hi Jim, welcome to the MUMBLES interview section. I'd like to ask you a few questions about yourself and your art...please indulge me for a few...

MUMBLES: About how long have you been involved in comix and comix publishing?

I have been drawing since the age of three or four, and my work today is the result of lifelong preoccupations. All the art I have done since high school has been very similar to what I do in comix or with the Surrealists.

Unfortunately for me, I worked in total isolation up until 1967. I had no idea that work like mine was published anywhere or that there was any sort of audience for it. Then a friend of mine who had gone to the Midwest told me that the drawings I was doing at that time resembled work done by S. Clay Wilson, whom he had met in his travels. I remembered the name, but I never saw any comix until 1969. And the ones I saw contained work by Wilson. Immediately, I began to think of my drawings as comix. I did not try to copy Wilson or the other great artists, but I did see the little points of resemblance between my drawings and theirs, and I began to try to strengthen those good points in my drawings.

At the same time, I also noticed points of similarity between my work and historical works of Surrealism. This was as important to me, perhaps more so, than my comix inclinations.

The only satisfactory direction was to let my work take its own course, hoping the two distinct sensibilities would not hamper one another. I did not try to become a Surrealist comix artist, I never forced it to happen, and I would resist being referred to that way. But some people have described me that way, faut de mieux.

It still had not occurred to me that my work could be published as late as 1973. The first few issues of COMIX WORLD revealed to me that comix were not the exclusive domain of masters like the ZAP artists and that new artists were being published all the time. I spent the next year drawing a full length comix, but by then it was 1974, a notoriously bad year for comix publishers. I never even submitted that work for publication, and for the next five years I did no sustained comix work.

About 1980, Clay Geerdes began to take a strong position in favor of self-publishing in COMIX WORLD. He was willing to be the nucleus for a group of people who wanted to try it. Suddenly, it made sense to publish one's own work, because here was

a guy who cared, who would help out a little, and whose publication would confer a certain legitimacy on self-published comix. Clay is an important figure in the history of comix. He deserves a lot of credit for helping artists and for clarifying and concretizing the idea of comix.

So finally I began to publish, but you can see that it is a long story.



DOPPELGÄNGER ©1981-J. RYAN

MUMBLES: In what ways has the self-publishing scene changed in the years you've been active?

Here is a chance to correct a misconception at the same time we work with this question. Many of us, including you, have long since ceased to be the sole publishers of our own work, but we still refer to our comix as self-published, even when it is not appropriate. We should avoid selling ourselves short that way. That is one of the principal changes in our activity: it is no longer merely self-publishing. Most of the artists know one another and print each other's work in their comix these days. There is an informal but substantial network of communication among the artists which makes such exchanges possible, and the creation of that network is another significant change.

Many of the artists have been published in full-size formats by now, including appearances in slick underground comix. Established older UG artists have appeared in our books or have published small comix of their own. There is a seepage of our work outward into other media like newspapers and mail art, as well as upward into more advanced comix venues.

These changes occur slowly. I do not perceive a ground swell of small press activity yet, not quite the revolution that some people anticipated. I saw some marvelous, vivid, totemic portraits of women at a college faculty art show recently- they would have been perfect comix material. But the woman who drew them had priced them at \$150 each. Right away I disabused myself of the notion to ask her if I could print one. She'd have to devalue the pictures from \$150 to 1.5¢ and she would never do that. There was an artist who should be publishing. The point of the story is that for every one of us who publishes, there are dozens of wonderful artists who could be doing comix or other self-published art, but it is not happening on the scale some people predicted. Comix are still largely ignored by people in the fine arts.

The small comix used to be gratuitously sexual, with a surfeit of immature, masturbatory work that was too weak to be erotic or even pornographic. Now there are a lot of gratuitously violent, post-Punk/primitive comix based on some spineless nihilism. There you go, there's some real progress for you. Bruce Sweeney and I have discussed how little fire and commitment, how little awareness and social responsibility are evident in comix today. We have this great instrument in our hands, a gift of history, the technology to print anything we want to print. The gift is being squandered. Let me advocate a change. I challenge the small press to become aware of itself as a social instrument. Let us have fun, but let us also remember we can speak up and encourage changes in our world.

MUMBLES: You seem to have an extremely open mind about content in comix. How do you view the "arting" vs. "gags" cartooning controversy?

Comix should be whatever the artist is skilled enough to pull off. Clay said "Anything can be a comic book". One of R. Crumb's characters said "If you don't like it, draw your own comic book". I do not see why there should be any controversy. If the artist does whatever he does best, he can hold his head up. If people do not like it, they do not have to read it. No one reads my comix, and I keep doing them. That's life. Where is the controversy? Comix artists comprise a huge pool of vital talent which lies in *terra incognita*. The reason that most of them are unknown is that they draw what they have to draw rather than what they ought to draw.

The only controversy that interests me arose when some observers attempted to separate the small press comix from the underground comix, or called them fanzines. That effort was a specious generalization.

The self-published comix are part of the alternative press continuum which includes the commercial UGs. The undergrounds were neither the first alternative comix nor the last. It isn't like Robert Crumb sat down and invented comix. Everyone knows that the Tijuana Bibles preceded comix. What is not well understood is that, once mimeograph machines were common in factories and offices, all kinds of crude little comix were drawn, printed and circulated by workers. They were scurrilous little things with offensive sexual or racial humor, and I do not believe that they ever have been studied.

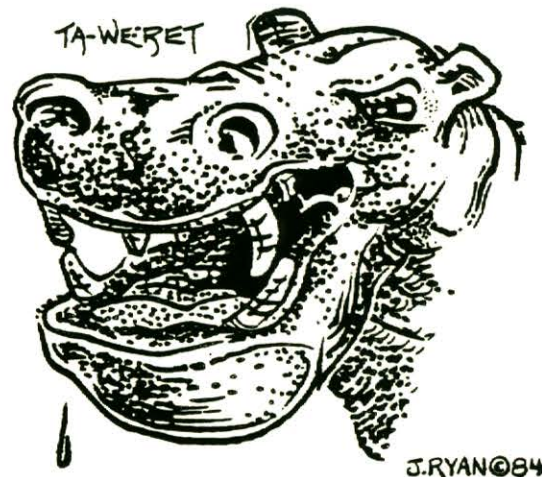
My point is that the slick UGs were only the first comix to be called "underground". Again, many of the early full-sized comix were self-published, comix like ARMADILLOTOONS #1 and NEW LEGENDS. The mini-comix and other small press formats are part of that evolution, and are far more obscure or "underground" than any of the classics like *BJOU* ever were. There is a history of personal, eccentric, non-commercial, alternative, autonomous, short-run, outrageous, uncensored, riotous publishing in our country. That is freedom of the press. We should uphold that tradition and ignore or abandon controversies which arise when we stupidly try to measure our publications against mass-produced commercial products. Ask Bob X if it ain't so.

MUMBLES: How do you feel about the term "newave" that's been used to describe the new wave of underground comics and artists?

I do not like the term newave, partly because it encourages fallacious attempts to separate a very unstructured phenomenon into parts, as I just pointed out. No offense to Clay or anyone else who prefers to use the word. It was useful as a rallying cry at first, but now it has no meaning that I can see. It has, if anything, become a pejorative usage- many people associate it with crude art or punk rock without troubling themselves to read any of the comix.

Furthermore, people on both sides of the fence have used the word newave to designate any small self-published comix. This means that a high school kid who decides during his summer vacation that he wants to be a cartoonist can mash out a primitive little minicomix in an hour and print 50 copies and he is a newaver. The kid forgets all about comix within two weeks, but because he did that little book, he is a newaver just like Larry Weir, Mike Roden and George Erling. Those men have spent years, lifetimes, perfecting their art. Why subject them to this newave stigma simply because they came along a little too late to make it into the closed-shop slick UGs? Many artists have told me that they want no part of that word, and some pretty good artists have gotten out of small press to avoid being associated with negative stereotypes. Let's eschew the word newave, and instead think of the entire continuum of alternative comix as an ongoing phenomenon which can not be divided into components. There is too little structure and too much overlap in comix evolution for that attempt at categorization to succeed. Comix exist to defy categories.

One more point I'd like to make. You know damn well that if that kid with his minicomix asks me to do a page for him, I always do. I support and encourage him. However, I draw the line at putting him in the same category as Steve Lafler for the ridiculous reason that they both publish their own work. By the way, the above reference to punk rock was not meant to be disparaging.



MUMBLES: Who do you think is the most enigmatic artist in comix? Why? Do you have any favorites?

Enigma is absent from comix today. The few slick UGs we see are fairly formulaic. The small press formats do not encourage extended works, so it is not unusual to find anything there with sufficient development to establish challenging ideas or a palpable sense of wonder. Steve Willis does long pieces, but he isn't enigmatic: he has such clarity that the enigma isn't in his work, but in the eyes of folks without his vision. The Surrealist cartoonist Hal Rammel is enigmatic, perhaps, and maybe Jim Woodring is also. I am referring to a sense of wonder in their work. Enigma is not the same as obfuscation or obscurantism, which we encounter in many comix, some of which are critical and popular favorites.

I admire far too many artists to make a list of names. It would get so long that I would have to omit some I really dig, and those would be just the guys who read this. My opinion isn't worth anything outside of the small press circle, and within that circle, everyone already knows whom I admire, so let us avoid some haphazardous, impromptu rostering which is bound to be incomplete. What if I forgot to put down Jim Siegray? Don't let me forget that- he puts me down often enough.

MUMBLES: You do some of the most cerebral work in comix. Do you take life and art seriously?

My work is not always cerebral, but the reaction of readers is likely to be thoughtful, which is what I want. I take life seriously, although I do not believe that life is serious. This explains the tension in my work. Art is good, so we have to work hard at it to uphold it. But we should not always be so serious about it. The universe is irrational, if not crazy, and we humiliate ourselves if we try to be too serious. We Americans badly need to remember this.

MUMBLES: The piece you did for MUMBLES #3, "Nightmares of Thomas Equinass", was beautiful. You combined drawing with collage. Does this method prove to be time consuming? How long does it take you to produce a piece like this one?

I'm glad you asked that question. Lots of jerks think collage is some artistic swindle. A good collage- a totally fresh picture assembled from found images so that something new is created- is a valid work of art. Sometimes we arrange molecules of ink or paint to make a picture, sometimes we rearrange other pictures. To produce collage honorably, without stealing imagery wholesale, takes at least as long as drawing. I spend hours looking through various sources, waiting to be astonished by some component that is perfect for the next addition to a collage. It is not under my control like a drawing is; I usually have to wait for it to present itself to me. Getting shading to match up all through a collage piece is hard work. Your MUMBLES #3 piece took only two evenings, but that was because it was an easy piece. I drew most of it and only had to do a little collage work, very simple collage. Many people are using collage in comix now, but only about three of them have any right to do it.

MUMBLES: What kind of books do you read? What kind of films do you prefer?

Access to books is now unparalleled in history. Only a sap or a doctor reads narrowly. I try to investigate many different fields, hoping to avoid becoming a zombie brainwash mass culture statistic, but it probably won't work. Phenomenology, existentialism, Surrealism, Taoism, modern poetry, science fiction, wine, novels, science essays, literate mysteries, Zen, comix, music history and criticism, and literate diaries all interest me deeply. I try to keep an eye on the underground, avant-garde and so-called little magazines. Once in awhile I get time to study chess or a little Spanish.

Film has little impact on my work. I never understood why people who love comic art become ecstatic over movie parodies or "cinematic" cartooning sequences. Why should cartoonists imitate film? Isn't the medium strong enough to stand alone? Only a few films interest me. I live in an area where access to significant films is very limited, and as for more commercial films, there is no way I am going to kill an entire evening driving out into the urban blight to a shopping mall, where for six dollars I am allowed to endure some cynical, manipulative concoction while I am surrounded by a mob of hooting subnormals.

I hate the visual and sonic assault of cinema in theatres. You are required to sit immobilized, deprived of 3 or 4 of your senses and half your mind while a torrent of questionable stimuli sluices down upon you like a psychotic's nightmare. I'm too much of a control freak like Mike in THE DEER HUNTER to sit still for that- I end up feeling like Alex in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE when he receives the therapy/punishment. I become overstimulated. Some day we will be able to dial into a film bank from our homes and watch any film we chose to on our TV screens. I'll dial up CHINATOWN, DAY OF WRATH, PRINCE OF THE CITY and 8½ to start with, then some old POPEYE cartoons. None of this simpering, self-congratulatory dreck aimed at lower middle-class professionals. It makes me nauseous.

MUMBLES: Would you call yourself a surrealist?

The general notion of what Surrealism is- weird, dreamlike painting- is incomplete and fallacious. Historically, Surrealism is a very political outlook, and it yields an artistic methodology as a tactic. Surrealism, rigorously defined, is a doctrinal movement which employs painting and drawing as agencies of theory. Remember, Dalí was excommunicated by André Breton because he was not sufficiently tractable and rigorous with theory. Surrealism exerts itself prodigiously. Loosely speaking, many artists who have done surrealist work are not Surrealists.

However, Surrealists are pretty tolerant of work which has the right spirit, even if it is not expressed formally. The American group in Chicago, founded by Franklin Rosemont and others under the aegis of Breton, admires many diverse forms which satisfy the requirements of Surrealism: the vision of marvelous freedom, the subversion of miserabilism, the demolition of industrial death culture. They are adept at finding this spirit wherever they turn. They love KRAZY KAT, SMOKEY STOVER, the blues, early jazz, classics of animation (Bugs Bunny is a favorite), and all sorts of eccentric and radical work which can not be classified. They refer to non-Surrealists who produce such work as allies of Surrealism.

I work with this group and a few others. They publish a little of my stuff and vice versa. The work I do for them differs from what you see in the comix, although there are similarities. Methods of production differ; at the extreme, it is intention vs. automatism.

So, I am a natural-born Surrealist inasmuch as my work just comes out that way. They accept it. But the comix I do, although they may share that outlook, usually are not Surrealist and I try to keep them from being Surrealistic- I try not to pillage the imagery of Surrealism to get an affect, that is. A wonderful cartoonist who does comix which are unwaveringly Surrealist is Hal Rammel. There is a guy more comix readers should investigate.

MUMBLES: Any writers and/or artists that have influenced your work? Do you have any favorites?

Every mind that we encounter influences us, positively or otherwise. All minds may be interconnected- which is probably one reason that art and other manifestations of creativity move us so profoundly. Inevitably, you absorb or extract some form of energy or meaningfulness from contact with another mind. And the contact always provokes us and causes layers and deposits of mental sediment to be stirred up- the old epistemological sludge.

You can't not be influenced by an artist or writer. Some of them get in your blood, their influence stays with you. But every one that you pay much attention to moves you and it affects your work whether you like it or not. In my case, I'm probably influenced by writers and philosophers as much as I am by cartoonists and painters. Music also has an impact on my working moods and methods. I think that Ernst, Tanguy, de Chirico, George Herriman, Wallace Stevens, Jack Vance, Anais Nin, Camus, Berdyaev, Bob Kane, Victor Brauner and dozens of others, more and less famous, have been pretty thoroughly absorbed. And of course all the first great comix artists and many of the newer alternative comix artists mean a lot to me.

I always listen to music when I work: Bach, Mingus, Television, Coltrane, George Crumb, New Order, Ali Akbar Khan, Corelli, Eno, Homesick James or some other powerful artist who can not be ignored.

All of that stuff went in, and some of it is bound to come back out- whether I am aware of it or not. As for favorites, all but one of the above names mean a lot to me. Other names I bother to mention in this interview can usually be taken as favorites. But that leaves out many figures who are important to me. I like the work of most serious creators, so perhaps I can not name favorites- I can't name just five or six.

MUMBLES: How old are you? What do you do for a living?

The same age van Gogh was when he died. I'm not much of an artist, but I still have both ears. Right now I manage a retail wine business. I have that skill, it pays money. I belong there like a dolphin belongs in a washtub. I'm subject to unass the place pronto.



MUMBLES: In the same piece mentioned above, you seem preoccupied with the dreaming process... would you say the dream dreams the dreamer? Are we dreaming now?

The world must be structured along the lines of what we see, and probably we perceive things in a way analogous to the Kantian notion of categories. It makes little sense to postulate that we are seeing a world that does not really exist, or that we are seeing phantoms, or that we are the dream of some dreamer. The problem is not that we see things which do not exist, but that we do not see all that does exist. That is where we go wrong, where we become confused, where the dreamlike quality of life arises: in our interpretation of what we perceive.

We all have the habit of regarding our perceptions as the truth, as absolutes, even though we know better. I think that what we see around us is pretty accurate, but only in as far as we see. We are aware of only the tip of the iceberg of existence. We sense the framework of things around us, but our limited perceptions and muddled intellects can not fill in this matrix with sufficient information to guide us.

We dwell in chaos, yet we must act, so we are adamant about the validity of perceptions which our minds tell us must be incomplete. We must have a place to stand, something to go on, so our minds attempt to fill in some of the gaps in our awareness. We shift mental gears automatically, with little consciousness of doing so, in order to keep pace with the flux of events. We are in and out of all manner of modes and states of consciousness perpetually; varying levels of attention and concentration and fantasy and rest. That is how we make up for our limitations, either by constant reinterpretation, by rationalization, or by outright fantasy. There must be whole strata of existence which are beyond our reach, just as the visual world is unknown to a worm. We receive no stimuli from these realms, because we are not equipped to receive them.

But most of us realize there must be a lot more to things than we are aware of, and that is one reason why art is so important to us. Art is a message from these regions which we are unable to explore. Usually, an artist begins his career by imitating what he has seen. If he works long enough, he becomes original; things emerge from him unbidden. Where is that coming from? By looking closely at things, but at an "angle" like Don Juan taught, artists train themselves to see what they could not see before. These may not be "real" visions of other states of being, but they help us deal with our inadequacy. I like to try to go for that instead of doing rational, linear pictures. I don't know any more than the next guy, but I might be more aware than most of what I don't know.

MUMBLES: Do you think that art should be thought provoking?

I'd say that one of the main problems for art is people saying what it should be. Strong art that must be noticed inevitably will stimulate thought. I prefer art which is pleasurable and which also encourages us to think. Remember that I said above that the small press badly needs to upgrade the intellectual and serious aspects of its output.

I would hesitate to say that art should try to be thought provoking, however. Good art has to do more than that. Art appeals to many levels of awareness in both the mind and body (please, no accusations of dualism). It has an emotional effect on us, e.g., and emotions are things of both mind and body. Furthermore, if humans have instincts, then art awakens them. It can make us dream, and dreaming is not thinking. Or we can simply bask in art, feel it somatically.

We spend very little time thinking. We think that we are thinking, while we are merely awash in tides of mental, emotional, physical, sensory, eidetic, chemical and conditioned call and response. We are constantly remembering, anticipating, daydreaming, drowsing, hoping, hallucinating, feeling and interpolating. All of this adds up to awareness, yes? But only part of it is thinking.

If you want to see what is called thinking, read some Heidegger or Kierkegaard or Wallace Stevens. Study a score by Bach or Elliott Carter. If you are honest with yourself, you will be forced to admit that you seldom do any highly organized and directed thinking.

Art will succeed if it satisfies us on many levels of awareness, and if it does not attempt to be thought provoking at the cost of our pleasure. If art is successful in moving us to experience deep pleasure, we will think. Art will provoke thought, but that can not be its raison d'être. That is for philosophy.

MUMBLES: Can you list here what publications you have for sale, and your address?

My address is 102 South Lake Ave., Albany, NY 12208. I have about 20 small-size publications for sale. All of them are offset printed on good quality paper. It does not make much sense to list the titles because the titles will not provide your readers with any indication of the contents of the publications. If anyone wants to order my publications, let them send \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00... up to \$10.00 in increments of one dollar, and they will receive their money's worth. I can not respond to inquiries about what I have for sale. People write and ask what publications I have for sale. I spend a lot of time making replies, then, in some cases, I never hear from the people again. So here is a word to you kids: don't bother working artists with frivolous inquiries. If you want to make a serious inquiry, send return postage or some money. Otherwise, don't expect someone who is working 12 to 16 hours a day to reply to you. If you like comix, help us out by ordering. Don't make our job harder.

MUMBLES: What do you like to do for fun?

I like to be alone in the woods with my magnum, so I can pop a few caps at tin cans and talk with the crows. Crows are a source of inspiration and information for me. I like to go drinking with the boys, root for the Celtics and Raiders, and listen to Bach. All that redneck kind of stuff. I like to go on the road in autumn.

MUMBLES: Are you as weird as you seem to be?

I've only discussed matters that I believe must be self-evident to most of your readers. Now, if I were to reveal some of my private ideas, they might seem to be a little weird.

MUMBLES: Any closing remarks?

Thank you for your kindness. Hello to Tom Brinkmann, vanished into Texas. Reagan has been re-elected, and Jerry Falwell is talking like a cabinet member. Laws restricting and limiting our freedom are being passed or considered all over the country. Rumors of war are everywhere. Use that alternative press, boys, or lose it.



BILL'S PHANTOM HURTTLED
WILDLY AWAY FROM HIS
MUTILATED FLESH...

BAM!
BANG!

HEY NONNY
NONNY!

HEY
NONNY
NO!

KERBLAM!
BLAM!

BZING!
PING!

BANG!
BRANG!

POW!
ZING!

BANG!
POW!

ANDY DEVINES ELECTRON-
IC PRESENCE ECHOED
THE SENTIMENTS OF ALL
SUICIDAL SIDEKICKS....

HEY WILD BILL!
WAIT FER ME!

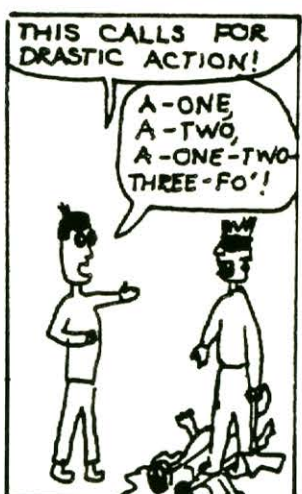
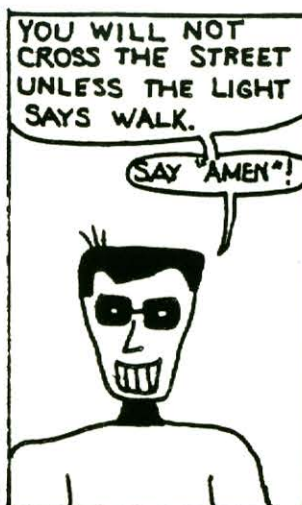
BANG!
BANG!

MA DEATH, ALONE WITH
HER MIRRORS, CRADLED
THE FADING IMAGE OF
HICKOK'S MURDER....

THE MORAL MAJORITY
presents

NONVIOLENT MAN

and
PEACEFUL
Boy



BLAME THIS "STORY" ON BOBBY PFEFFER (CO-WRITER) AND RANDY PASKE (CO-WRITER, "ARTIST").

THANKS TO JOHN E.

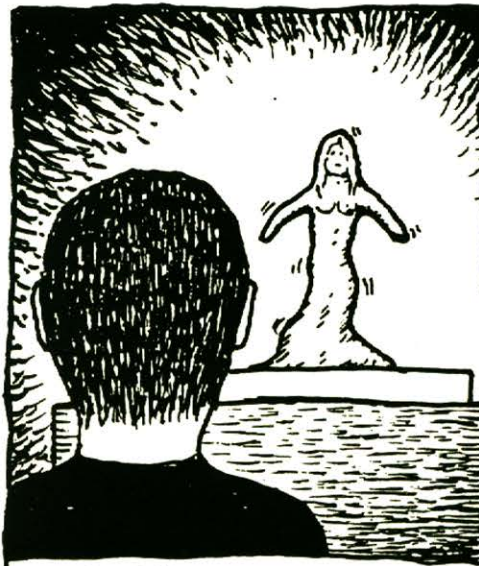
NONVIOLENT MAN, PEACEFUL BOY + THIS STORY ARE © 1984 HIGH SCHOOL COMICS. (WHO'D WANT TO STEAL THEM?).

Bobby Pfeffer, P.O. Box 912
Gilbert, MN 55741
Randy Paske, 656 Birch Lane, Gilbert, MN 55741
WRITER

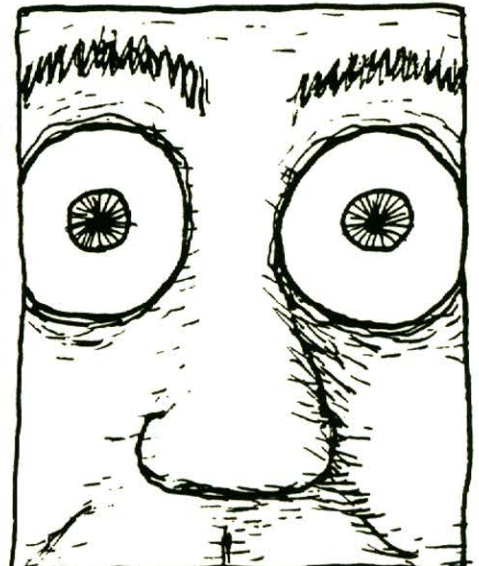
PIZZA PARTY



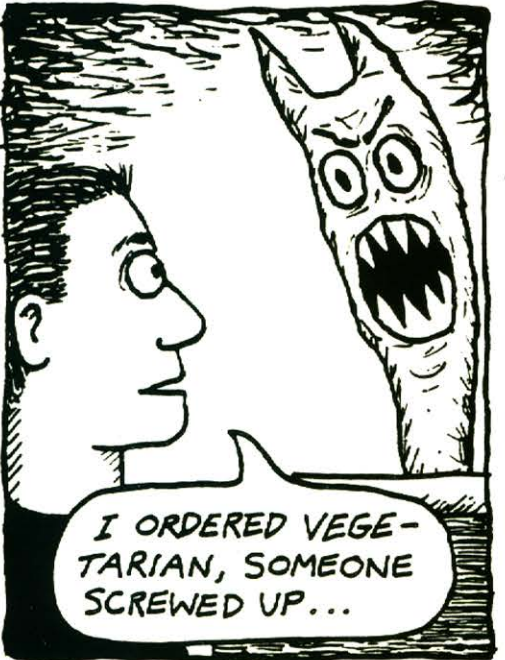
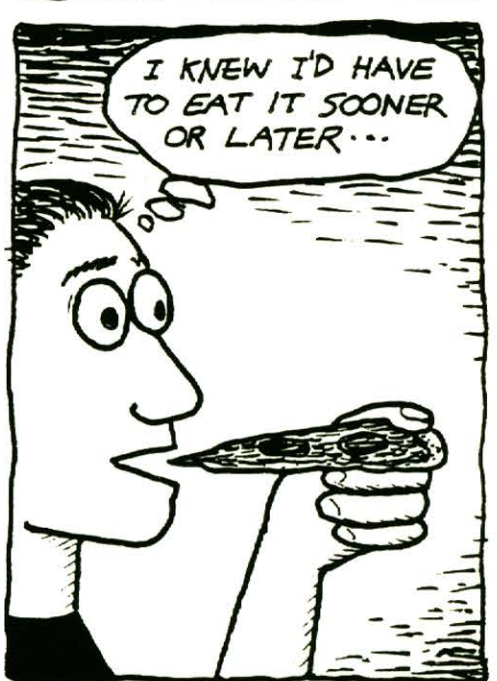
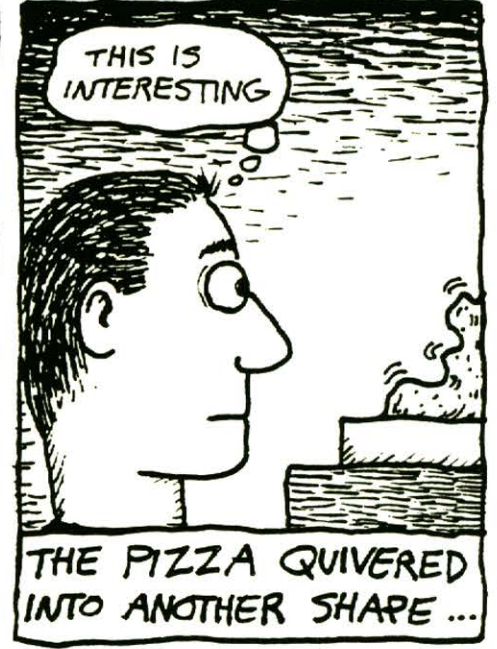
MARTY WATCHED HIS PIZZA



IT FORMED AN IMAGE
OF A LONG LOST LOVE..



IT BROUGHT BACK
MEMORIES...



THE DAY I WORE BRUCE CHRISLIP'S TIE

I CLEARED SNOQUALMIE PASS AT 85 MPH, MY VEINS FLOWING WITH THE SIX-PACK I GUZZLED BETWEEN WASHTUCNA AND CLE ELUM. I WOULD LAND IN SEATTLE IN AN HOUR...



BACK HOME, MANY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, THE PALOUSE REGION HAD BEEN A STEEP AND MOUNTAINOUS LAND...

BUT IT WAS SEATTLE THAT WAS ON MY MIND. THE LAST TIME I WAS THERE I ATTENDED A GALLERY SHOW OPENING...



I WAS POUNDING DOWN THE JAVA TO SOBER UP. SUDDENLY I REALIZED I LEFT MY SUIT IN PULLMAN, AND GAGGING AT THE THOUGHT, SPEWED AND SPILLED THE STEAMY JOE ALL OVER MY ONLY GOOD SHIRT.

A FISSURE RIPPED OPEN IN THOSE PALOUSE MOUNTAINS, BLANKETING THE AREA WITH THE LAVA THAT OOZED OUT...



THE GALLERY OWNER PRANCED FROM ONE BIG-WIG TO ANOTHER; FIRST, THE WELL KNOWN BUYERS...

THIS GUY IS GONNA BE HOT, I'M TELLIN' YA...

\$ x \$ = \$\$\$



MY BLADDER WAS BLOATING, MY HEAD WAS FLOATING, BUT AS I DESCENDED ON MY OWN VICIOUS VECTOR, ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS A GOOD SHIRT AND TIE...



(THIS FISSURE IS NOW A DEEP, NARROW LAKE. DECEPTIVELY PLACID IN APPEARANCE, BOATERS DROWN EVERY YEAR DURING THE SUDDEN HIGH WINDS)



... SECOND, THE OPINION MAKERS, THOSE ARBITERS OF CHIC WHO PRONOUNCE JUDGMENT WITH GALL ON THEIR SIDE. NAME-DROPPING IS BIG HERE...



I SHOWED UP AT BRUCE CHRISLIP'S DOOR. BRUCE WAS OUT (PLAYING THE HORSES AT LONGACRES?). I MUST'VE LOOKED LIKE A STRUNG-OUT GEEK, BUT JOAN CHRISLIP WAS KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME BRUCE'S WHITE SHIRT AND CLIP-ON TIE.



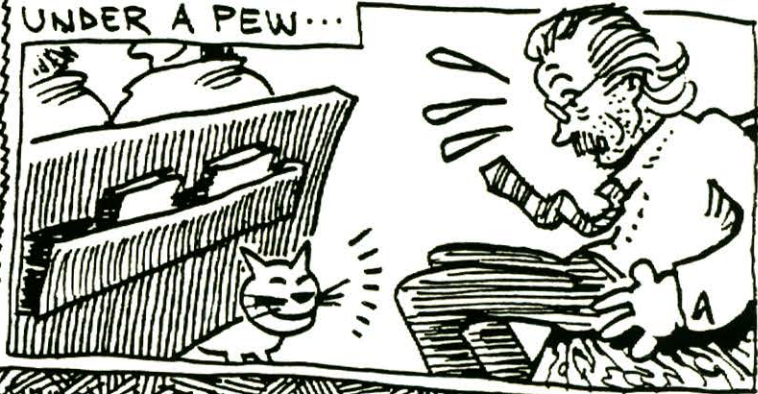
AFTER THE LAVA, AN ICE PLUG FROM A RECEDING GLACIER BROKE, DRAINING A LAKE (NOW THE N. IDAHO PANHANDLE), WHICH RESULTED IN THE BIGGEST FLOOD IN GEOLOGICAL HISTORY...



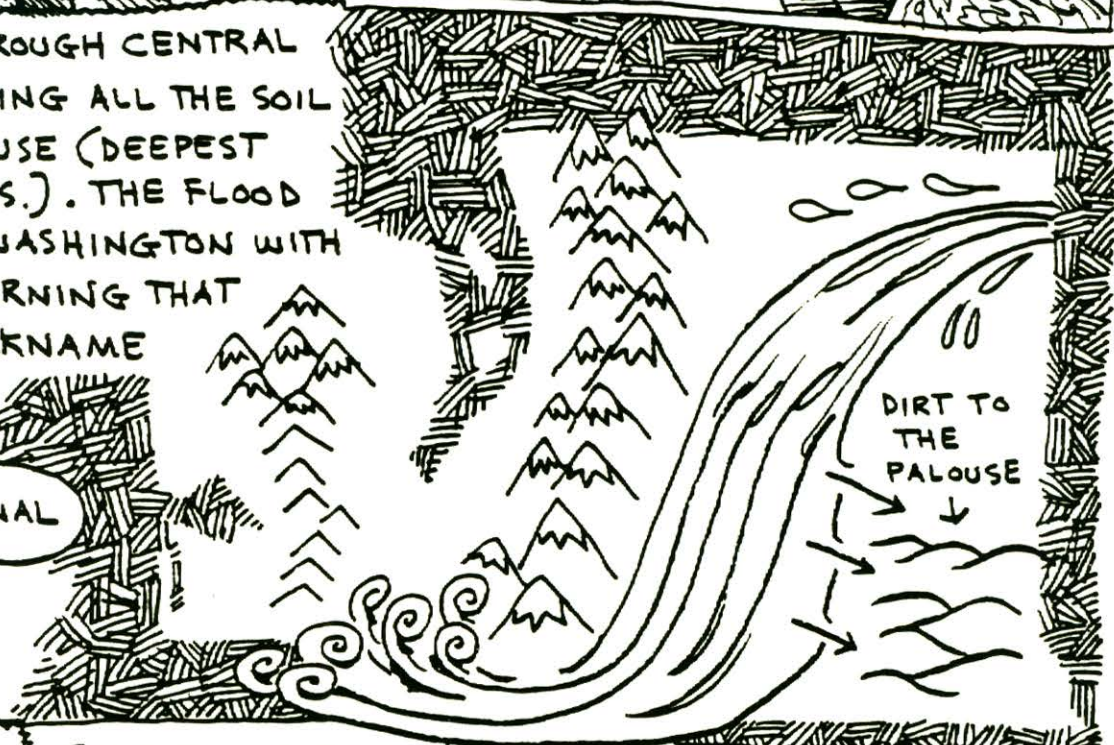
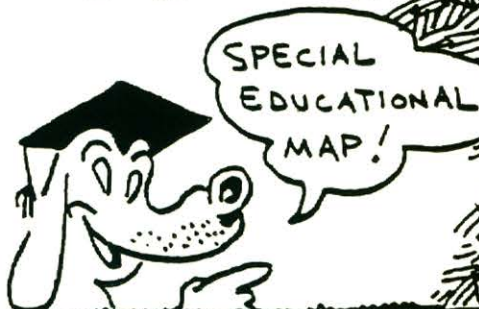
AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POND
STOOD THE "ARTIST."



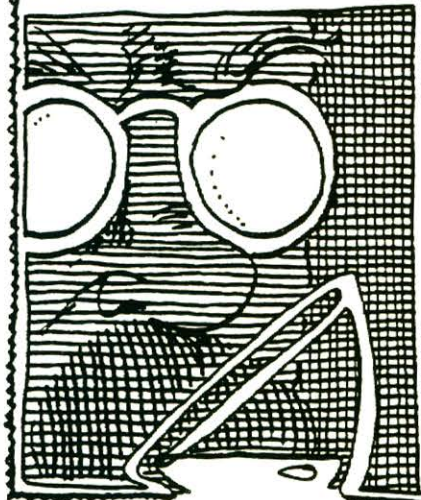
I MADE IT TO THE WEDDING ON TIME.
MY HEAD WAS THROBBING, I WAS
WEARING BRUCE'S CLIP-ON TIE.
DURING THE VOWS, I LOOKED DOWN
AND SAW A CAT SMILE AT ME FROM
UNDER A PEW...



THE FLOOD CUT THROUGH CENTRAL
WASHINGTON, WIPING ALL THE SOIL
TOWARD THE PALOUSE (DEEPEST
TOP SOIL IN THE U.S.). THE FLOOD
LEFT CENTRAL WASHINGTON WITH
DIDDLY-SQUAT, EARNING THAT
SECTION THE NICKNAME
"SCAB LANDS"...



I STOOD IN THE
CORNER, DRINKING
FREE WINE ...



GAVE BRUCE BACK
HIS CLIP-ON TIE,
A PIECE OF ART
IN AND OF ITSELF.



IN THE SCABLANDS, I DOWNED
ANOTHER SIX-PACK, BY ROYAL
CITY I GOT THIRSTY AGAIN.



I STOOD IN THE CORNER, DRINKING FREE WINE, FEELING SUPERIOR. ARTISTS LIKE THESE, I DECIDED, WERE LEECHES ON SOCIETY, CONTRIBUTING NOTHING...NOT UNLIKE LAWYERS, PSYCHIATRISTS, AND THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA'S METROPOLITAN CENTERS.

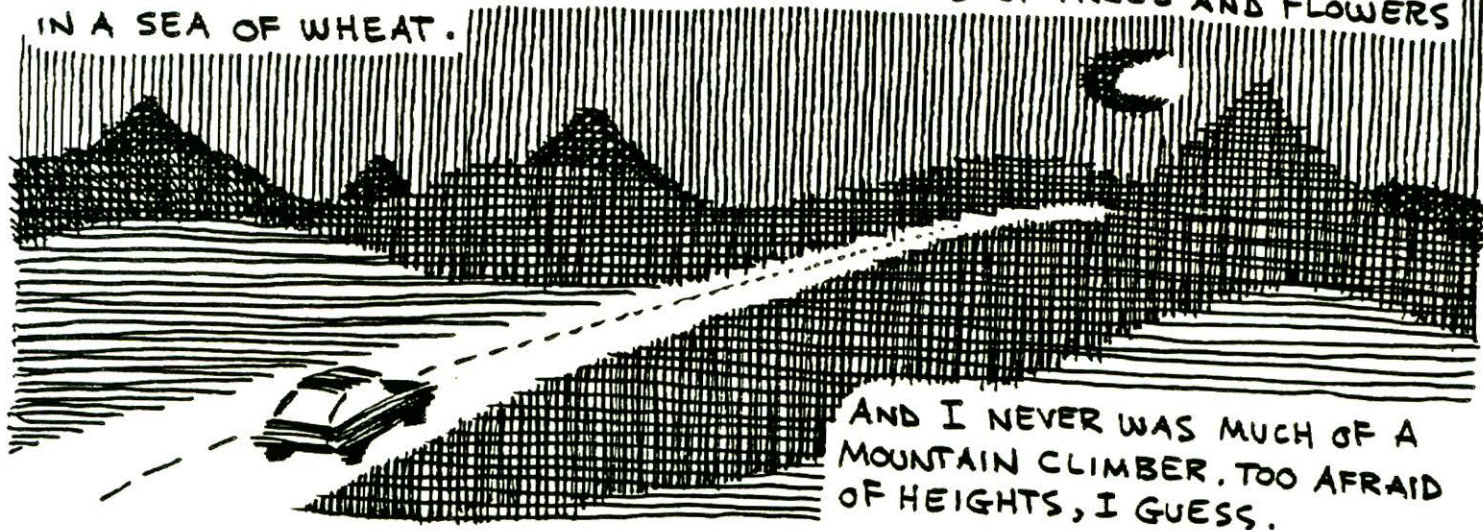
I DESPISED THEM ALL.



I SPENT THREE HOURS IN THAT ROYAL CITY DIVE, THREE HOURS OF PLAYING SHUFFLEBOARD WITH DRUNK INDIANS. THREE HOURS OF DRINKING. THREE DECADES TO HIT THIS POINT, WHERE PUKING MY GUTS OUT BECOMES COMMON PLACE. A CAT SMILED UP AT ME.

I DESPISE MYSELF.

AFTER ALL THE LAVA, WATER, AND DIRT, ONLY THE HIGHEST OF THE ORIGINAL PALOUSE RANGE PEAKS ARE STILL VISIBLE. THE SOIL ON THE PEAKS IS DIFFERENT, AND THEY ARE ISLANDS OF TREES AND FLOWERS IN A SEA OF WHEAT.



AND I NEVER WAS MUCH OF A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER. TOO AFRAID OF HEIGHTS, I GUESS.

SHAPES II





